The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

Written by John A. Rittinger

Part Three

1911-1912

Compiled by Kevin A. Martin

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Introduction:

This volume will not include the general introduction to the author, the column, or the newspapers that the column appeared in. If you wish to read information on any of these topics, they are located in the introduction to Volume 1. This text will continue with *The Letters of Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.* from the year 1911 to the year 1912. Some letters will have additional forms found in the earlier 1920s reprint in the *Kitchener Daily Record* rather than just the 1960s reprint in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 30. Januar 1911

Mister Glockemann:

Wie's der anner Owet drausze so gschtermt un gblosze hot, dasz ma ken Hund net nausjage welle, hab ich mei vierschtimmige Akkordion g'holt, en Tschaa Duwack genumme, un mich if die Holzkischt hinnig em Offe ghockt. Wie ich dann sell schee Lied gschpielt hab:

Was frog ich viel noch Geld un Gut,
Wann ich zufriede bin,

is mir die Eidie kumme, dasz ich doch net ganz so gsätisfeid bin wie ich ausguck, und dasz ich in meim Alter ebbes besseres verdiene deht, als do howe uf der Bauerei zu hocke un im Winter Driebsahl zu blose.

Wie ich so driwer nochsimmilirt hab, dasz so en Job, wo ma sich net grad zu Dod schaffe breicht, usw., usw., grad es recht Ding for mich wär, is mir uf emohl en Seefesieder ufgange. Joe, du altes Kamehl, hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt, do is jo der Mister Schmalz in Berlin, den hen die deitscher Leid zum Mayor geleckt. Des is grad der Kerl, der dir helfer kann, for was is der Uhs, dasz ma deitsch is, wann ma kenn Job kriege kann! Menscht net ah? Mir brauche uns net zu schemme un kenne's änyhow ah net helfer, dasz mir deitsch sin.

Jetzt sag ich dir, was ich wott, dasz du for mich duh dehtscht. Es neckscht Mol, wann der Schmalz dir widder en Glas Lemonsauer mit ehme Schtecke drin kaafe duht, for dei lange Gorgel nunnerzujage, triet ihn for mich un schreibs zu meiner Akkaunt, un wann er dann gut glaunt is, frog ihn for en Job for mich; dann welle mir doch emol sehne, ob eier Mayor sei deitsch Herz in der Bruscht oder im Hossesack hot.

* * *

Ich hab ah mei Schehr dazu geduh, dasz des deitsch Waterloo County sich so developed hot un so alt worre is wie's for en Fakt is. Vor 47 Johr wor ich nehmly en Member und third Leftenent fun der Petersborger Chain Lightning Rescue Feierkumbanie No. 1. Wann ich mei rother Kittel noch het, wo die Särah uf die Chrischtdag for Bobbefrack for die Kinskinner ufgschnitte hot, kennt ich's heit noch prufer.

En Dehl fun der alde Pioneers in und um Petersborg werre awer vielleicht noch rimembere kenne, wie 's sellermols beim alte Pelzkapp-Philip, was en Unkel fum Bohnerkreitelsepp do howe wor, gebrennt hot. Sei Bauerei wor juscht about en ¾ Meil fum Schtettel, un ich wor der erscht Mann fun der Feierkumbanie, der mit seim Joch Ochse an der Schpritz wor. Es hot uns ebbes meh wie en halwe Schtund gnumme, bir mir die Ochse ufgehitscht un an die Schpritz geschpannt ghat hen, dann sag ich dir, Mr. Glockemann, sin mir awer gfegt.

Wie mer hikumme sin, wor awer die ald Blockscheier doch schun abgebrennt, un es is uns nix anners iwrig gebliewe, als die Ochse zu drenke, un widder heem zu fahre.

Die Feier-Kumbani-Bisnesz scheint in unserer Familie erblich zu sei. Mei Vatter, der hinnedraus aus Deitschland kumme is, wor ah en Member fun der Feierleid. Sie hen sie dort awer "Bumbjehs" gheesze. Des is en frensch Wort un mehnt uf deitsch, Kerls wo bumbe duhne.

Er het verzehlt, dasz emohl in ehre sackdunkler Nacht in Wisloch Feier ausgebroche is, un die Wislocher Wort riwer noch Owerhinnerfischbach gschickt hen, dasz sie ihne helfe sotte, was sie sertinly ah geduh hen. Sellermohls hots in der Gegend awer noch ken Laderne gewe, un wie die Owerhinnerfischbacher Bumbjehs noch Wisloch kumme sin, hen sie schtatt em Schpritzwager der Doderwager mitgebrocht ghat, die alle beed in der sem Sched gschtanne hen.

* * *

Noch en Ding: Ich un der Schmalz sin in der seme Bisnesz. Ich bin Ex-Member in good standing fun der Petersborger Chain Lightning Rescue Feierkumbani No. 1, und der Schmalz is Manager fun der Berliner Feier Inschurens-Kumbani. Nau, wann 's ken Feier gewe deht, breicht mer ken Feierschpritze un ah ken Inschurens-Kumbanis. Wann des ken Argument is, for was ich ken Affis kriege sott, dann kennt ihr Berliner mich am Buckel kratze.

Zwischer dir un mir, Mr. Glockemann, ich deht sozusage am beschte vielleicht en Job gleiche, wo die Särah weiter nix zu duh het, als wie die Town Hall auszufeger, 's Feier ahzumacher, die Lock-up zu skrubbe, un Owets die Ladern vor em Mayor seiner Affis azuschtecker, un mei Duty juscht wer, am End fun jedem Munat der Lohn ponktschälle zu ziehe.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Es is mir sidder eigfalle, dasz es in Berlin net arig hart sei kann, en Affis zu kriege. Ich hab in der Zeiding glese, dasz sie dich zu ehme Park-Kommischner gemacht hen. Jetzt nix for ungut, awer was der Bettel verschtescht du fun Parks? Net mehner wie en Kuh fun erre Muschkatnusz. Du hoscht jo in deiner junger Johre nix gsehen wie Schtumbefelder un Hemlockschwemm.

Der above said Esq.

Neustadt, January 30, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

The other night, when it was storming and blowing that you wouldn't have wanted to chase a dog out into it, I got my four-part accordion, took a chew of tobacco and sat down on the wooden chest behind the stove. When I then played that beautiful song:

What care I much for worldly wealth,
If satisfied I am,

it occurred to me that I am not so satisfied as I look, and that I deserved something better in my old age than to sit up here on the farm and be in the dumps all winter.

As I was musing on this it dawned on me that a job in which you don't have to knock yourself out at, etc., would be just the right thing for me and I got a sudden brain wave. Joe, you old goof, I said to myself, there is Mister Schmalz in Berlin whom the German people have just elected as mayor. That's exactly the bloke who can help me. Of what use is it being German if you can't get a job! What do you think? We don't have to be ashamed of ourselves, and in any case we can't help it if we are German.

Now I am going to tell you what I want you to do for me. The next time that Schmalz buys you a glass of lemon sour with a stick in it to chase down your long gullet, treat him for me and put it on my account, and if he is then in good humor ask him for a job for me. Then we can see if your mayor has his German heart in his breast or in his pant's pocket.

* * *

I have also done my share that this German Waterloo County has developed the way it has, and that it has grown as old as it for a fact is. Forty-seven years ago I was as you know a member and third lieutenant of the Petersburg Chain Lightning Rescue Fire Company No. 1. If I still had my red coat which Sarah cut up on Christmas Day to make children's dresses for the grandchildren I could still prove that to you today.

Some of the old pioneers in and around Petersburg will probably no longer remember when there was a fire at old Furhat Phillip's place, who is an uncle of Beanstraw Joe up here. His farm was just a ¾ mile from the village and I was the first man who had his yoke of oxen at the firehall. It took us a little more than a half hour until we had hitched the oxen to the fire-wagon but then I tell you, Mr. Glockemann, we sailed out.

But when we arrived the old log barn had burned down, and nothing remained for us but to water the oxen and drive them home again.

The fire company business seems to be hereditary in our family. My father, who came from the backwoods in Germany, was also a member of a fire brigade. But they called them "Jumping Joes" there. That is a French word and signifies chaps who "pump" in German.

He related how fire broke out one pitch-black night in Wisloch, and that the Wislochers sent word over to Upper-Lower-Fischbach to come and help them, and this they most certainly did. But at that time there were still no lanterns in that area, and when the Upper-Lower Fischbacher "pumpers" got to Wisloch, they discovered that they had brought a hearse instead of the fire-wagon. Both of them had stood in the same shed!

* * *

Something else: Schmalz and I are in the same business. I am an ex-member in good standing of the Petersburg Chain Lightning Rescue Fire Company No. 1, and Schmalz is manager of the Berlin Fire Insurance Company. Now if there were no fires you would not need a fire-wagon and also no insurance companies. If that isn't an argument for which I should get an office, then you Berliners can go scratch my back.

Between you and me, Mister Glockemann, I would prefer a job most of all in which Sarah would not have more to do than to clean the town hall, light the fires, scrub the lock-up, and put on the lantern in the evening in front of the mayor's office, and my duty would only be to draw the wages punctually at the end of each month.

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—It has occurred to me since that it can't be very difficult to get an office in Berlin. I read in the paper that they made you a commissioner of parks. No hard feelings, but what in blazes do you know about parks? Not more than a cow knows about a nutmeg. You certainly saw nothing in your younger years but stump fields and hemlock swamps.

The agove said Esq.

VOTE IN FEBRUARY

Violence Threatens

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 13. März 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Es regert drausze, als ob man mit Gieskannie runnerschitte deht; des awer is en guter Sein, vor en alde Bauererregel sagt:

Un is der März glind un nasz,
So fillt er em Bauer sei Regefasz.

Well, die Rieson, dasz ich so lang nix meh fun mir hab heere losse, is die, dasz ich widder an meiner alde Bloog, dem tired feeling sufferer duh. Die Symptons sin: immer mied, schlefrig, hungrig und dorschtig, un iweraus ken Luscht zum Schaffe.

Ich wor deswege beim Doktor der anner Dag, un er hot gsagt, ich miszt vor alle Dinge des Bierdrinke ufgewe, sunscht deht ich noch die Wassersucht kriege. Jetzt denk dir emol so en Humbug an, wie kann en Mensch dann die Wassersucht kriege, der doch fascht sei Lebdag lang ken Wasser gsoffe hot?

* * *

Mei Morgeschnaps awer losz ich mir net nemme; ehnder derft die Särah noch en falsch Gebisz verschlucke, als uhnig mei Bitters zu duh, for der is absolut nethig, um mir morgens die Fleh uf der Lewer zu blosze. Es is for en Fäkt en Schehm un eh hälf, was so Pilledreher ehm net alles zumuthe duht.

En annere Rieson, warum ich net gschriewe hab, wor die, dasz es den Winter ziemlich schlecht bei mir geht. Du weescht, die Särah hot mich letscht Schpotjohk viel gekoscht, es Geld is ror, un es schlimmscht is, dasz die Schuldtleid ihre Schulde net bezahler.

Do im Januar hot der ald Doktor Biddersalz 3 Klofter Brigelholz zu $2.25 die Kord fun mir kriegt, un sell macht noch meiner Figgering about $6.75. Letscht Woch hab ich die Akkaunt raus gmacht un die Bewwi ins Schtettel gschickt, for sie zu kollekter. Wie sie zum Doktor kumme is, hot er gsagt:

"Bischt du am alde Klotzkopp hinnig em Hiwel sei Medel?"

"Schur!" hot sie gänsert. "Wie alt bischt du nau?"

"Ei, ich wor 21 Johr ald am 1. Februar."

"Jo," sagt der Doktor, "sell is recht, so schtehts ah in meim Buch. Nau sag deim Däd, er sott selwert kumme, um mich zu bezahler, dernoch bezahl ich ihn ah."

"Vor was is dann mei Däd eich ebbes schuldig?"

"For was? ei am 1. Februar worre es juscht 21 Johr sidder du gebore bischt, un dei Däd hot mich for sell bis uf der heitig Dag noch net bezahlt. Weescht du's nau?"

* * *

Die Bewwi hot geloscht un sich gschemmt wie en Kuh mit ehme holzige Beeh. Sie is heemkumme un hot gheilt un gbrillt wie en Schloszhund.

Nau, Mr. Glockemann, mir so en Schand anzuduh! Die Akkaunt fun dem Quacksalwer is jo schun lang ausgloffe un ich kann bei Lah net geforst werre, sie zu bezahle. Fun meiner Schulde kann der ald Knocheseger schwetze, awer net fun seiner eegene. Er seht ah der Cedereposchter in seim Neckschter sei Aag, awer net der Blosbalk in seim eegener.

Noch en Ding: Wann ma heitig Dags jemand ebbes lehnt, vergesse die Leid for kammen 's Widderbringe. Do vor en poor Johr zurick wor mei Nochbor, der dick Hinkelhannes, was am Handkehsmichel sei Schwoger wor, arig krank, un ich bin ebmohls niwer, um ihn zu sehne. Ehn Morger, wie ich hikumme bin und gfrogt hab, wie 's ihm geht, hot die roth Lisbeth, was sei Frah wor, agfange zu heiler und gsagt:

"Joe, mein liewer, guter Mann is dohl!"

* * *

Ich hab browiert sie zu drehschter un gsagt, sie wär noch en rischdig jungs Weibsmensch mit juscht siebe Kinner, un do deht sich doch vielleicht noch en Wittmann finner, der sie un ihre Oelzweige versorge deht.

Uf seller Droscht hi, is sie ah en bissel ruhiger worre. Wie ich sie awer gfrogt hab, ob ihrer Mann, eb er sich uf der Weg gemacht hot, um die Angel Population in der annere Welt zu tschoiner, ebbes fun sellem Monkeyrensch gsagt hot, wo er im letschter Summer fun mir geborgt hot, is sie fuchsdeiwelswild worre un hot mir die Dehr in Gsicht zugschlager. Mei Monkeyrensch awer hab ich bis heit noch net.

Am Dienschdag wor die Särah ihrer Brediger do, um sie zu besuche. Ich hab ihn noch em Middagsesse im Hof rumgfihrt un wie ma an der Sauschtall kumme sin, hot or gsagt:

"Joe, uf selle Säu derfscht du schtolz sei, ich hab noch niemols Säu in bessere Kondischen gsehe."

"Schur," hab ich gsagt, "wann mir juscht all so fitt wäre, um dem Jammerdahl good bye zu gewe, wie selle Säu, dann dann dehte mir pässe."

* * *

Wann mir doch fun der Särah schwetze, so will ich dir juscht sage, dasz sie sidder ihrem Unglick widder arig tschelles is. Geschtere hot sie zu mir gsagt:

"Joe, du kleemscht immer, dasz du mich noch gleicher duhscht; ich bin awer schur, wann ich heit schterwer deht, in zwee Munat hettscht widder en annere — schwere kennt ich druf."

"Schwer net, Särah," hab ich gsagt, "ich glaab dir ah so."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Wie kummt's, dasz eier deitscher Mayor nix fun sich heere loszt. Du weescht doch, dasz ich in meim letscher Brief gsagt hab, dasz ich en kleener leichter Tschab fun ihm gleicher deht. Vielleicht hot er noch nix for mich, oder er hot vergesse. dasz ich ah amol en Resident fun Schmierkehs-County wor. Du kannscht ihm sage, dasz er gor net so groszfiehlig sei braucht und er mich änyhow rekogneiser kennt. Meenscht net ah?

Ich will grad ken arig hoche Affis, awer ich mehn er kennt mich zum Inschpektor fun der Schornschteefeger mache, weil sell ah zu der Inschuränz-Bisznisz geherrt — nix zu sage fun der Erwet, wo die Särah in der Town Hall und Lock-up duh kennt.

Vielleicht will der Schmalz en Bissel gschmiert sei — was ma uf deitsch gebreibt heeszt. Wann sell der Kehs is, dann sag ihm, dasz wann ich 's neckscht Mol widder butscher, schick ich ihm en poor Pund Krautworscht mit Roseiner drin un en Kiewele voll Fett. Wann sell ihn net fetscht, dann kann er s' anner Ding duh. Ich brauch eich Schtedtler ken gute Wort gewe un bin grad so indipendent wie en Sau of em Eis.

Es winscht dir dessehm.
J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, March 13, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

It is raining outside as if they were pouring it down with watering cans. But that is a good sign, for an old farmer's proverb says:

If March is wet and not too chill,
The farmer's rain-barrel it will fill.

Well, the reason that I have not written for such a long time is that I am suffering from my old malady again, the tired feeling. The symptoms are: always exhausted, sleepy, hungry and thirsty, with absolutely no yen for work.

I went on that account to the doctor the other day and he said that I had especially to give up beer drinking otherwise I would surely get dropsy (water sickness). Just imagine such humbug! How can a person get dropsy (water sickness) who in almost his whole life never drank water?

But I won't let them take my morning toddy from me. Rather could Sarah swallow another set of false teeth than being deprived of my bitters. For that is absolutely necessary to blow the fleas from my liver in the morning. It is for a fact a shame and a half what such a pill jerker doesn't all expect of you.

* * *

Another reason for not writing was that I am in bad fettle this winter. You know that Sarah cost me a lot of money last fall; money is scarce, and what is worse, the villagers are not paying their debts.

In January old Doctor Bittersalts got three cords of limb wood from me at $2.25 a cord. That makes, according to my figuring, $6.75. Last week I made out the account and sent Barbi to town to collect it. When she got to the doctor's he said:

"Are you the daughter of old Klotzkopp who lives behind the hill?"

"Sure!" she answered. "How old are you now?"

"Why, I was 21 on the first of February."

"Yes," said the doctor, "that is right, that's the way it is in my account book. Now tell your dad that he should himself come and pay me, and then I will also pay him."

"For what does my dad owe you?"

"What for? Well, on the first of February it was just 21 years since you were born, and your dad has not paid me for that right up till now. Do you know now?"

Barbi blushed and felt as ashamed as a cow with a wooden leg. She came home and cried and bawled like a watchdog.

Now, Mister Glockemann, submitting me to such an indignity! The account of that quack doctor has run out long ago, and I can't be forced by law to pay it. The old bone setter can talk of my debts but not about his own. He sees the cedar posts in his neighbor's eye but not the bellows in his own.

* * *

Another thing: If one lends something to somebody nowadays the people ordinarily forget to bring it back. For example a few years ago stout Chicken Jack, who is the brother-in-law of Handcheese Mike, was quite sick, and I frequently went over to visit him. One morning when I got there and asked how he was, Red Lizzie, who was his wife, began to cry and said:

"Joe, my dear, good husband is dead!"

I attempted to comfort her and said she was still a real young woman with only seven children, and surely a widower could perhaps be found who would take her and her hopefuls on.

With that prospect before her she became somewhat quieter. But when I asked her if her husband, before he set out to join the angel population in the other world, had mentioned something of that monkey wrench, which he had borrowed from me last summer, she became furiously enraged and threw the door in my face. But my monkey wrench I haven't gotten back till the present day.

On Tuesday Sarah's preacher was here to visit her. After lunch I showed him around in the barnyard and when we came to the pig stable, he said:

"Joe, you can be proud of those pigs, I have never seen pigs in better condition."

"Sure," I said, "if we were all as fit to say good-bye to this vale of tears as those pigs, then we would be indeed in shape."

* * *

While we are talking about Sarah, I want to tell you that she has been very jealous since her accident. Yesterday she said to me:

"Joe, you always claim that you still love me, but I am sure that if I died today you would have a new wife in two months. I could swear to that."

"Don't swear, Sarah," I said, "I believe you without swearing."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—How is it that your German mayor doesn't write me a note? You remember that I told you in my last letter that I would like to get a little, easy job from him. Perhaps he hasn't got anything for me as yet, or he has forgotten that I was also once a resident of cottage cheese (Waterloo) county. You can tell him that he doesn't have to be so proud, and that he could at least recognize me. Don't you agree?

I don't really want a high office, but I think he could make me overseer of the chimney sweeps, because that belongs to the insurance business, too. I don't want to remind him of the work that Sarah could do in the lock-up and the town hall.

Perhaps Schmalz wants his palm greased a bit, which one calls being bribed in German. If that is the case, then tell him that when I butcher again I shall send him a couple of pounds of country sausage with raisins in it and a pail of lard. If that doesn't bring him around, then he can lump it. I don't have to pander to you city folks and I am as independent as a pig on ice.

I wish you the same,
J. K. Esq.

Non-Profit M
Care Pla
COMPARE THE BENEFITS

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 11. April 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Nix for ungut, aber ich bin der greescht Kinnernarr was es gebt. Un ich mehn, je älter ich wer, der besser gleich ich sie, eschpeschelle die Kinskinner.

Do is for Exämpel die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Eltschte is, des is dir en Medel, sag ich dir, for die Bänd zu biete. Was Schmärtigkeit un Scheeguckig abelangt, ohrt sie ihrem Groszvatter noch (ich denk die Leit wisse, dasz ich sell bin), und sie is sertäinly net ufs Maul gefalle. Sie hot jetzt schun en Gosch wie en Scheereschleifer, un en Zung, die mit Hexefett gschmiert is. In dem Rischpeckt ohrt sie ihrer Groszmutter noch.

Wie ich der anner Owert im Zuckerbusch ghockt hab, um abzuzuckerer, hot sie mir mei Nachtesse gebrocht un gsagt, dasz die Grändmah hawe wott, dasz sie en Weil bei mir bleiwe sott. Die Rieson wor die, dasz die Sarah Oschteroier mit Zwiwelschaler gfärbt hot, un net hawe hot welle, dasz die klee Krott, die ihr Naas in alles schtecke duht, sie sehne sott. Wie ich fertig esse wor un en guter Tschah Duwack abgebisser ghat hab, hot die Mildred gsagt:

"Grändpah, ich hab in der Schul en Preis kriegt, for en Somm zu duh." "Was for en Somm?" hab ich gfrogt.

* * *

"Ei, die Schulmäm hot zu mir gsagt, wann eier nei Bobby, die Evelyn, was jezt juscht 11½ Pund wiegt, jeden Dag en Aunz zunemmt, wie viel wiegt sie dann, wann sie 20 Johr ald is? Mei Aenser wor, 466 Pund, und die Schulmisz hot gsagt, ich hett der Preis gwunne."

"Sell wor braf, Mildred," hab ich gsagt, "juscht schee ufgebaszt in der Schul, for des was du nau lernscht, kann dir niemand nemme, no mätter, wie old du werre sotscht. Guck for Exämpel juscht emol mich ah: Die ganz Nochborschaft, vom lahme Hengschtdreiwer bis nunner zum derre Schpatzehannes, sin tschelles uf mei Edikaschun."

"Jo, die Schulmäm hot ah schun gsagt, Grändpah, dasz du merikwerdig schmärt wersch, un sie ah als selle Schticker lese deht, was du als in der "Glock" schreiwer duhscht. Awer heit Middag hot sie doch arig iwer dich gelacht.

"Iwer mich! Jo for was dann?"

"Ei, es hot gregert wie mir aus der Schul sin, un wie sie mich gfrogt hot, ob ich kenn Umbrell hett, hab ich gsagt nee, for sidder mei Grändpah nimme in die Kerch geht, bringt er ken Umbrell meh heem!"

Ich hab bees werre welle, hab awer doch net kenne, weil ich die klee Rotznasz gor zu arig gleiche duh, un hab gedenkt, Kinner un Narre schwetze ebmols doch die Worret. Mir hen dann noch for em Feier ghockt bis die Schtern rauskumme sin. Du weescht, ich verschteh ah ebbes fun der Aeschtronomie, un wie ich uf en Schtern gedidde hab, hab ich gsagt:

"Mildred, guck emol seller schee Schtern dort drowe ah, der is hunnert Mol greeszer wie die gans Welt."

* * *

"Nee, er is net, Grändpah," hot sie gmehnt.

"Jo, er is," hab ich gsagt.

"Ich glahbs awer net, Grändpah, for wann seller Schtern greeszer is wie die gans Welt, warum halt er dann der Rege net ab?"

Uf em Heemweg hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt, gege so Eidiehs kann ma net arguer, un was is scheener, als wann die Kinner glawe, dasz die Engel die Schtern Owets juscht raushenge, for fun uns agucke zu losse.

Awer jetzt is es Zeit, dasz ich fun ebbes annerschts afang:

Letscht Woch wor ich in der Neischtadt, um en Dehl Rindslewer un Lunge zu hole, do 's Saufleesch zu deier is, um die Familie mit zu fittere. Beim Loui hab ich der Grundsaujerg, der Gensfettjockel un der Blutworschtnatz getroffe. Mir hen uns ins Hinnerschtiwle ghockt, um uns en Bissel auszuruher un hen fum Hüther seine Magerdroppe un Handkehs geordert. Dann hen mir Schtories verzehlt un wie die Reih an der Grundsaujerg kumme is, hot er gsagt:

"Mir is der anner Owet en schpaszige Gschicht gehäppend. Ihr wiszt doch, dasz em Bohnerkreidelsepp sei Philip, der mit der krumme Schoofsnaas, mei Bewwi schpärkt? Well, sell is der bäschfullscht Hasafusz, wo ich mei lewigdags noch g'sehne hab.

* * *

Er wor seller Owet mit er Bewwi in der Sitting Ruhm, wie ich so about 9 Uhr mit meiner Watsch in der Hand neikumme bin. Sie hen uf em Sofa ghockt un die Piktschers im Album begafft. Ich bin uf ihn zu un hab gsagt: 'Philip, weescht du, wie viel Uhr es is?' 'Jo, jo,' hot der halbbleedsinnig Weschlappe gmehnt, 'ich wott grad alleweil heem geh.' Er is dann in die Kich, un hot sei Kapp un Rock ufgepickt. Ich bin ihm noch, un wie er juscht die Diehr ufmache wott, hab ich ihn widder gfrogt, ob er net wiszt, wie viel Uhr 's wär? 'Jo, jo! Ich geh jo, so schnell wie ich kann!' hot er gebrillt.

Er hot drausze sei Iwwerrock agezoge un is die Lehn nunnergefegt, als ob en Drupp wilde Insching hinnig ihm her wäre. 'Was fehlt dann dem efeltige dumme Kerl?' hab ich dann die Bewwi gfrogt, 'mei Watsch is heit Nomidags schteh gebliwe und ich wott juscht hawe, er sott mir sage, wie viel Uhr 's is'!'"

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

(In dem Briefe fanden wir noch die nachstehenden Zeilen, die Frau Klotzkopp wohl in der Abwesenheit ihres Gatten mit-eingeschlossen haben musz. D. R.)

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab aus der letschter Schmier, die mei alder Esel in deim Babier ghat hot, so viel ausmache kenn, dasz er krank sei will, un sell die Rieson is, dasz er net öfters schreibt. Er is so gsund wie der Fisch im Wasser un so faul dasz er schtinkt.

Do kerzlich, wie mir fun der Neischtadt heem gfahre sin, wo er in aller Werthsheiser widder dazu getend hot, dasz 's Bier net sauer werd, hot er for der Gate zu unserer Lehn zu mir gsagt: "Sarah, sag du Ho! zum Gaul, mei Zung is zu mied zum schwetze." Wann ihn juscht der . . . . un dich dazu!

Yours mit much love,
MRS. SARAH FLANNIGAN-KLOTZKOPP

Neustadt, April 11, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

No harm meant, but I am the greatest doter on children in the world. And the older I get, the better I like them, especially the grandchildren.

There is, for example, Mildred, the eldest daughter of my Lizzie. That is a girl to beat the band. As far as brains and beauty are concerned she takes after her grandfather (I think the people know that that's me), and she certainly knows how to handle her mouthpiece. She has even now a mouth like a scissor's grinder, and a tongue that is greased with witch-oil. In this latter characteristic she takes after her grandmother.

As I was sitting in the sugar bush the other evening in order to "sugar off," she brought me my supper and said that her grandma wanted her to stay a while with me. The reason was that Sarah was coloring Easter eggs with onion peelings, and didn't want to have the little brat, who sticks her nose into everything, seeing her do it. When I was finished with my meal and had bitten off a good chew of tobacco, Mildred said:

"Grandpa, I got a prize in school for doing a sum."

"What kind of sum?" I asked.

"Well, the schoolmarm said to me if your new baby, Evelyn, which now weighs only 11½ pounds, adds an ounce everyday, how much will she weigh when she is 20 years old? My answer was 466 pounds, and the schoolmarm said that I had won the prize."

"That was fine, Mildred," I said, "pay good attention in school, for what you learn can never be taken away from you no matter how old you become. Take a look at me, for example. The whole neighborhood from the Lame Stallion-Driver right down to thin Sparrow Jack are jealous of my education."

* * *

"Yes, the schoolmarm too said, grandpa, that you were remarkably clever, and that she also read those pieces which you write in the Glocke. But today noon she really laughed at you."

"At me! And why please?"

"Well, it rained as we left school, and when she asked me if I didn't have an umbrella, I said no, for since my grandpa doesn't go to church any more, he doesn't bring any umbrellas home any more!"

I wanted to become angry, but I couldn't do that, because I really like the little snot-nose too much, and thought children and fools certainly often tell the truth. We sat by the fire until the stars came out. You know that I also understand something about astronomy, and when I pointed at a star, I said:

"Mildred, look once at that beautiful star up there. It is 100 times larger than the whole world."

"No it isn't, grandpa," she said.

"Yes, it is," I answered.

"But I don't believe it, grandpa, for if that star is larger than the whole world, then why doesn't it keep the rain from falling on us?"

On the way home I said to myself that you can't argue against such ideas and what is more beautiful than having the children believe that the angels simply hang out the stars in the evening for us to view.

But now it is high time that I change my subject.

Last week I was in Neustadt to get a few pounds of calves' liver and lung, since pork is too expensive to feed my family. At Louis' Hotel I met Groundhog George, Goosegrease Jack and Bloodsausage Nat. We sat in the back room in order to rest a bit and ordered some of Huether's stomach drops and handcheese. Then we told stories and when Groundhog George's turn came, he said:

"A funny thing happened to me the other evening. You know, of course, that Beanstalk Joe's Philip, the chap with the crooked sheep's nose, sparks my Barbi? Well, that is the most bashful oaf that I have ever seen in my life?

* * *

"He was that evening with Barbi in the sitting room, when I came into the room with my watch in my hand. They were sitting on the sofa and gaping at pictures in the album. I walked up to him and said: 'Philip, do you know what time it is?' 'Yes, yes,' said the idiotic milksop, 'I was just at the point of going home.' He then went to the kitchen and picked up his cap and coat. I went after him, and when he was about to open the door I asked him again whether he didn't know what time it was? 'Yes, yes, I am going just as quickly as I can!' he bleated.

"He put on his overcoat outside and rushed down the lane as if a band of wild Indians was chasing after him. 'What's the matter with the simpleminded, stupid fellow?' I then asked Barbi. 'My watch stopped this afternoon and I only wanted him to tell me what time it was'!'"

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

(In the letter we found appended the following lines, which Mrs. Klotzkopp must presumably have enclosed in the absence of her husband. Editor's note.)

Mister Glockemann:

I have gathered from the last scrawl that my old donkey had in your paper that he pretends to be sick, and gives that as the reason for not writing more often. He is as healthy as a fish in water and so lazy that he smells.

Recently we were driving home from Neustadt and as usual he stopped at all the hotels to see to it that the beer would not become sour, he said to me in front of the gate to our lane: "Sarah, you say whoa, my tongue is too tired to talk." I wish the . . . . would take him and you too!

Yours with much love,
MRS. SARAH FLANNIGAN-KLOTZKOPP

Publish Date: 11 Apr 1911

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Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 11. April 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich am Samstag uf em Segblock im Holzschopp hinnig am Schmokhaus ghockt hab, um mei Pfeif auszuklobbe, un widder zu filler, sin mir so allerleh Eidiehs durch mei Dickworzel gange und ich bin widder ehmol zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz net alles uf der Welt is, wie es eegentlich sei sott.

Ich hab so bei mir selwert gedenkt, wann ich nau so about 500 Buschel Weezer het, dann wär ich allreit un ich kennt dann ah sage, wie der Julius Caesar zum George Washington gsagt hot: "Schorsch, du kannscht mich gerschtebuckler." Is awer emohl der Weezer $1.17 's Buschel, dann hab ich kenner, un so gehts mir alsfort. Wann's emol Brei regert, dann hab ich schur ken Leffel. Es guckt fascht, als ob ich net im rechte Zeeche uf die Welt kumme bin.

En dehl Leit, wie for Exämpel der dere Schpatzehannes und der roth Suppekaschper hen Glick und mache Geld wie Hoi, sie meege agreife was sie welle; annere Leit bloge sich fun frih bis schpot un wanns Johr rum is, kenne sie widder vorne afange. Ich mehn ebmohls, es geht net alles fehr her.

* * *

Es heeszt wol, ehrlich währt am längschte. Awer sell is ah ehns fun denne schlipperische Sprichwerter, was verschtanne sei misse. Ich mehn als ebmohls, dasz Leit, wo net gor zu schtark an der Ehrlichkeit schaffe, viel besser raus kumme, als wie die ganz ehrliche, zu denne sertänly ich belang, obglei ich die "Glock" for des Johr noch net in Aedväns bezahlt hab un ah em Parrer sei Lohn noch for 12 Munat schuldig bin, usw., usw., was dich awer nix ageht.

Weescht du, warum ich glahb, dasz ehrlich am längschte währt? Bekahs, wer am längschte ehrlich is, der bleibt ah am längschte en armer Dropp.

Geizkrippel, die sich nix gunne, un ehme Floh 's Fall abziehe, un ihn dann noch in der Schtubb rumkicke, wann er net fett is, un fresze, was sie net verkaafe kenne, bringe 's ofkohrs weiter, wie for Exämpel ich's gebrocht hab. Zwische Geizigsei un Schpore is awer en groszer Differenz.

Der schporsamscht Mann, den ich noch jemols in meim Lewer agedroffe hab, wor in Nord Dumfries, Schmierkehs-Kaunty, Ont., for den ich gschafft hab, wie ich erscht hinnerdraus aus Deitschland kumme bin. Wie sei alde Kuh verreckt is, hen mir sie gesse, wie der ald Genserich die Aage zugeduh hot, hen mir ihn gesse, wie die ald Sau alle Vier fun sich gschtreckt hot, hen mir sie gesse, wie der ald Schofbock im Brunne versoffe is, hen mir ihn gesse.

Dann is die ald Frah gschtorwe — des is mir awer doch en bissel zu dick worre, un do ich nix riske wott, hab ich die sehm Nacht noch mei Bindel gschnirt un mich aus em Schtaab gmacht.

* * *

En tschenuine Geizkrage hab ich der anner Dag getroffe, wie ich uf em Rigelweg noch Chesley gedrawelt bin, um dort uf em Philip seiner Lokal Option-Schprie zu schpieler. Ich bin im Schmoking Car ghockt un mei vierschtimmige Akkordian in ehme Bettquilt eigewickelt, newig mir uff em Sitz liege ghat. In Hanover is en Skatschmann in die Car kumme und hot sich newig mich gsotze. Iwer en Weil hab ich mei Peif raus gholt un ah glei genotist, dasz ich ken Duwack un ah ken Mätsches bei mir hab.

Ich hab mei Gsicht zu ehre sisze Leicherbittermien verzoge un den Kerl gfrogt, ob er vielleicht ken Mätsch bei sich het. Yes, Sir, hot er geänsert. Wie ich ihm dann gans leislich gsagt hab, dasz ich ah aus Duwack wär, hot er gmehnt: "Wann du ken Duwack hoscht, brauchscht ah ken Mätsch," un hot sie widder in sei Tschäcketseckle gschteckt.

Ich wett mei Belzkapp gege en nei Fünfdahlerbill, dasz seller rothhoorig, sunneflecki Hawermehlfresser mehner fun dem Schtofft egent, was emol die Motte un der Rosch fresse, wie ich duh. Ich deht awer doch net mit ihm handler, do ich ebmohls mehner Schpasz hab wie en ganzer Kefig voll Monkies, was seller Geizkrippel anyhau net sage kann, un 's ah net entschoier deht, wann er 's het.

Wann ich juscht en York-Schilling het for jede Schtrofbredigt, die ich schun aheerer hab misse, un for jedesmol, dasz mir der Holzkeidel nochgschmisse wore is, wär ich heit en schteereicher Mann. Doraus kannscht du sehne, dasz ich in der Selekschun fun ehme Ehegeschponscht ah net allzu kärful wor. Ich wor en scheeguckiger, schmärter junger Mannskerl un hab juscht die Hand nauszuschtrecker breicher, do hab ich glei en halb Dutzend Meed an jedem Finger henger ghat.

* * *

Unner denne, die mir immer nochgeloffe sin, un die ich net hab loskriege kenne, wor ah em alder Grundsaujerg sei Schweschter, die scheel Philipbine, die $700 in Käsch kriegt het, wann sie heiert. Wie ich sie awer emol ui eh Schprie beim alter Hannes in der Neischtadt genumme hab un die Buwe, die tschelles uf mich wore, mich am neckschte Dag gfrogt hen, wie mei Groszmammi der Bahl gegliche het, bin ich dumme Schof ihr nimme uf 15 Ruthe neckscht kumme. Sie is awer immer noch ledig . . . un unverhofft kummt oft. Is es net merikwerdig, dasz manche alde Meeds, wo Geld zum Verbrenne hen, ken Mätsch schtreiker kenne?

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Mei Lohn, wo ich em Parrer noch schuldig wor, is versettelt worre. Ich geb's Johr $4. un wie ich heit Middag uf em Weg zu der Poscht-Office wor, hab ich ihn gedroffe un en Berger mit ihm gmacht, dasz ich sei Kuh im Summer for $5 in der Weed halt, so dasz ich bei dem Diehl noch en Dahler ahett bin. Seller Dahler awer sott er mir in Käsch bezahler, do ich net afforder kann, am eh Mann, wo so en grosz Saläry eischteckt, Kredit zu gewe. Denk juscht emol drah, Mister Glockemann, er kriegt $375 's Johr, un dozu noch en freies Haus mit Luft un Wasser neigschmisse.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, April 11, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

As I was sitting on a saw log in the woodshed back at the smokehouse on Saturday, and knocking the ashes out of my pipe and filling up again, all kinds of ideas went through my thick skull, and I once again came to the conclusion that not everything in the world is as it should be.

I thought to myself if I now had about 500 bushels of wheat, then I would be in dandy shape and I could then say, as Julius Caesar said to George Washington: "Georgie, you can go jump in the lake." But if wheat is ever $1.17 a bushel, then I haven't got any, and that's the way my luck runs. If it should ever rain gruel I for certain wouldn't have a spoon. It almost seems that I wasn't born under the right sign.

Some people, as for example thin Sparrow-Jack and red Soup-Casper, are lucky and make cash like hay, no matter what they start. Other people plague themselves from morning till night, and when the year is up they can start again at the beginning. I often think that things are not dealt out fairly.

* * *

The proverb says: honesty is the best policy. But that is one of those slippery proverbs which has to be understood. I often think that people who are not too concerned about honesty get along much better than the completely honest ones to which I certainly belong, even though I have not as yet paid for the Glocke in advance for the year and still owe my contribution to the preacher's salary for 12 months, etc., etc., but that is none of your business.

Do you know why I believe that honesty is the best policy? Because he who stays honest for the longest time also stays for the longest time a poor wretch.

Skinflints, who begrudge themselves everything, and skin a flea for its hide, and then kick it around in the room because it isn't fat, and devour what they cannot sell naturally make more money than I, for example, have made. But between miserliness and saving there is a great difference.

The most thrifty man that I ever met in my life lived in North Dumfries, Cottage Cheese County, Ontario. I worked for him when I first came over from the backwoods in Germany. When his old cow kicked the bucket we ate it; when the old gander closed his eyes for good, we ate it; when the old sow expired, we ate it; when the ram drowned in the well, we ate it.

But then the old lady died — that was more than I could stomach and, since I didn't want to risk anything, I packed my bundle that very night and made myself scarce.

* * *

I met a genuine curmudgeon the other day as I was travelling by train to Chesley to play at Philip's local option spree. I was lolling in the smoking car with my four-part accordion wrapped up in a bed quilt lying beside me on the seat. In Hanover a Scotsman came into the car and sat down beside me. After a while I got out my pipe and immediately noticed that I had neither tobacco nor matches with me.

I drew up my face in an expression of sweet sadness and asked him if he perhaps had a match in his pocket. Yes, sir, he answered. When I then in a very low voice added that I was also out of tobacco, he said: "If you have no tobacco, you don't need a match either," and stuck the match back into his vest pocket.

I'll bet my fur cap against a five-dollar bill, that that red-haired, freckled oatmeal devotee owns more of the stuff which moth and rust devour than I do. But I wouldn't trade places with that fellow since I have always had more fun than a whole cage of monkeys which is more than that curmudgeon can say, and which he couldn't even enjoy if he had it.

If I only had a York shilling for every lecture I have had to listen to, and for every time a block of wood has been thrown at me, I would today be enormously rich. From this you can see that I wasn't altogether too careful in the selection of a marriage partner. I was a handsome, smart young blade and only needed to hold out my hands immediately to have a half dozen girls hanging on every finger.

* * *

Among those who chased me, and whom I couldn't shake off was Groundhog George's sister, squint-eyed Philippine, who would have gotten $700 in cash if she married. But when I once took her to a spree at old Jack's place in Neustadt, and when the boys, who were jealous of me, asked me the next day how my grandmother enjoyed the ball, I, stupid oaf, didn't venture again closer to her than 15 rods. But she is still single . . . and it is always the unforeseen that occurs. Is it not remarkable that many old maids who have money to burn, cannot make a match?

I wish you the same,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—My contribution which I still owed the preacher has been settled. I give $4 a year, and when I was today noon on the way to the post office, I met him, and made a bargain with him to pasture his cow in the summer for $5, so that I am still ahead a dollar on the deal. But he should pay me that dollar in cash, since I cannot afford to give credit to a man who pockets such a big salary. Just imagine, Mister Glockemann, he gets $375 a year, and in addition a free house plus air and water.

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

Lions for Africa

MARSEILLE, France (AP)—Europe now is exporting lions to Africa. The Marseille zoo loaded 10 lions, 10 pythons, a panther and other animals onto a ship bound for Africa, for delivery to a Canadian circus on tour. Fewer animals now are being caught wild in Africa so zoos are the main source of supply.

BAL BOY LEADS WITH THE FINEST COLOR TELEVISION
356 King West at Francis

PAN-ABODE

Publish Date: 11 Apr 1911

Reprint Date: 02 Aug 1924

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Last Times and Vaudeville

Rubens & Conrad Nagel the feature attraction of Special Holiday Program starting Monday.

A photoplay that never lags one moment in interest, that's rich with the modern flavor of high living, that pictures vividly the dancing, wining, petting, romancing Youth of today. The above remarks explain the class of pictures "The Rejected Woman" is, which starts a three days showing at the Capitol on Monday.

The story deals with the love of a Canadian girl and a tremendously wealthy New York youth who meets her in her native environment. She follows him to New York and there discovers immediately that her lack of culture and raiment are insurmountable obstacles to her marriage to the man. In attempting to overcome these obstacles she falls into a trap laid for her. Her happiness and that of the hero is wrecked—for a time. They are extricated from their difficulties in a climax as intensely dramatic and satisfying as the most satiated picture audience could demand.

Alma Rubens takes the part of the girl and Conrad Nagel plays the wealthy jazz-loving city youth for the love of whom the heroine goes almost one step beyond the limit to get fine clothes to make herself attractive.

Auxiliary subjects on the above program include "The Lion And The Souse" one of those rip-roaring Mack Sennett comedies and Capitol News.

Monday (Civic Holiday) Special performances will be presented at 2.30, 7 and 9, the Capitol Concert Orchestra being in attendance at all shows.

Today, the wonder-picture of the year "Wanderer Of The Wasteland" based on Zane Grey's famous story, and produced entirely in natural colors will be presented for the last time. Sebastian Merrill will also make their farewell appearances, a continuous performance being presented from 1 to 10.30 p.m.

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 11. April 1911.

Mister Glockemann!

Nix for ungut, aber ich bin der greescht Kinnernarr was es gebt. Un ich mehn, je älter ich wer, der besser gleich ich sie, eschpeschelie die Kinskinner. Do is for Exämpel die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Eltschte is, des is dir en Medel, sag ich dir, for die Bänd zu biete. Was Schmärtigkeit und Scheeguckig abelangt, ohrt sie ihrem Groszvater noch (ich denk die Leit wisse, dasz ich sell bin), und sie is sertäinly net ufs Maul gefalle. Sie hot jetzt schun en Zung, die mit Hexefett gschmiert is. In dem Rischpeckt ohrt sie ihrer Groszmutter noch.

Wie ich der anner Owert im Zuckerbusch ghockt hab, um abzuzuckerer, hot sie mir mei Nachtesse gebrocht un gsagt, dasz die Grändmah hawe wott, dasz sie en Weil bei mir bleiwe sott. Die Rieson wor die, dasz die Sarah Oschteroier mit Zwiwelschaler gfärbt hot, un net hawe hot welle, dasz die klee Krott, die ihr Nase in alles schtecke duht, sie sehne sott. Wie ich fertig esse wor un en guter Tschah Duwack abgebisser ghat hab, hot die Mildred gsagt: "Grändpah, ich hab in der Schul en Preis kriegt, for en Somm zu duh." "Was for en Somm?" had ich gefrogt. "Ei, die Schulmäm hot zu mir gsagt, wann eier nei Bobby, die Evelyn, was jetzt juscht 11½ Pund wiegt, jeden Daz en Aunz zunemmt, wie viel wiegt sie dann, wann sie 20 Johr ald is? Mei Aenser wor, vierhunnert und sechsunsechzig Pund, und die Schulmäs hot gsagt, ich hett der Preis gwunne."

"Sell wor braf Mildred," hab ich gsagt, "juscht schee ufgebasst in der Schul, for des was du nau lernscht, kann dir niemand nemme, no mätter, wie ald du werre sottscht. Guck for Exämpel juscht emol mich ab. Die ganz Nochborschaft, vom lahme Hengschtdreiwer bis nunner zum derre Schpatzehannes, sin tschellos uf mei Edikaschen."

"Jo, die Schulmäm hot ah schun gsagt, Grändpah, dasz du merikwerdig schmärt werscht, un sie ah als selle Schticker lese deht, was du als in der "Glock" schreiwer duhscht. Awer heit Middag hot sie doch arig iwer dich gelacht." "Iwer mich? Jo for was dann?" "Ei, es hot gregert wie mir aus der Schul sin, and wie sie mich gfrogt hot, ob ich kenn Ambrell hett, hab ich gsagt "nee, for sidder mei Grändpah nimme in die Kerch geht, bringt er ken Ambrella meh heem!"

Ich hab bees werre welle, hab awer doch net kenne, weil ich die klee Rotznaas gor zu arig gleiche duh, un hab gedenkt, Kinner un Narre schwetze ebmols doch Worret. Mir hen dann noch for em Feier ghockt bis dile Schtern rauskumme sin. Du weescht, ich verschteh ah ebbes fun der Aeschtronomie, un wie ich uf en Schtern gedidde hab, hab ich gesagt: "Mildred, guck emol seller schee Schtern dort drowe ah, der is hunnert Mol greeszer wie die gans Welt." "Nee, er is net, Grändpah," hot sie gmehnt. "Jo, er is," hab ich gsagt. "Ich glahbs awer net Gränpah, for wann seller Schtern greeszer is wie die gans Welt, warum halt er dann der Rege net ab?"

Uf em Heemweg hab ich zu mir selwert gsagt, gege so Eidiehs kann ma net arguer, un was is schenner, als wann die Kinner glawe, dasz die Engel die Schtern Owets juscht rushenge, for fun uns agucke zu losse.

Awer jetzt is es Zeit, dasz ich fun ebbes annerschts afang:—

Letscht Woch wor ich in der Neischtadt, um en Dehl Rindslewer un Lunge zu hole, do 's Saufleesch zu deier is, um die Familie mit zu fittere. Beim Loui hab ich der Grundsaujerg, der Gensfettjockel un der Blutworschtnatz getroffe. Mir hen uns ins Hinnerschtiwle ghockt, um uns en Bissel auszuruher un hen fum Hüther seine Magerdroppe un Handkehs geordert. Dann hen mir Schtories verzehlt un wie die Reih an der Grundsaujerg kumme is, hot er gesagt: "Mir is der anner Owet en schpaszige Gschicht gehäppend. Ihr wiszt doch, dasz em Bohnerkreidelsepp sei Philip, der mit der krumme Schoofsnaas, mei Bewwi schpärkt? Well, sell is der bäschfullscht Hasafusz, wo ich mei lewedags noch g'sehne hab. Er wor seller Owet mit der Bewwie in der Sitting Ruhm, wie ich so about 9 Uhr mit meiner Watsch in der Hand neikumme bin. Sie hen uf em Sofa ghockt un die Piktschers im Album begafft. Ich bin uf ihn zu un hab gsagt: "Phillip, weescht du, wie viel Uhr es is?" "Jo, jo," hot der halbbleedsinnig Weschlappe gemehnt, "ich woot grad alleweil heem geh." Er is dann in die Kich, un hot sei Kapp un Rock ufgepickt. Ich bin ihm noch, un wie er juscht die Diehr ufmache wott, hab ich ihn widder gfrogt, ob er net wisst, wie viel Uhr 's wär? "Jo, jo! Ich geh jo, so schnell wie ich kann!" hot er gebrillt. Er hot drausze sei Iwerrock agezoge un is die Lehn nunnergefegt, als ob en Drupp wilde Insching hinnig ihm her wäre.—"Was felt dann dem efeltige dumme Kerl?" hab ich dann die Bewwi gfrogt, "mei Watsch is heit Nomidag schteh gebliwe und ich wott juscht hawe, er sott mir sage, wie viel Uhr 's is!"

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

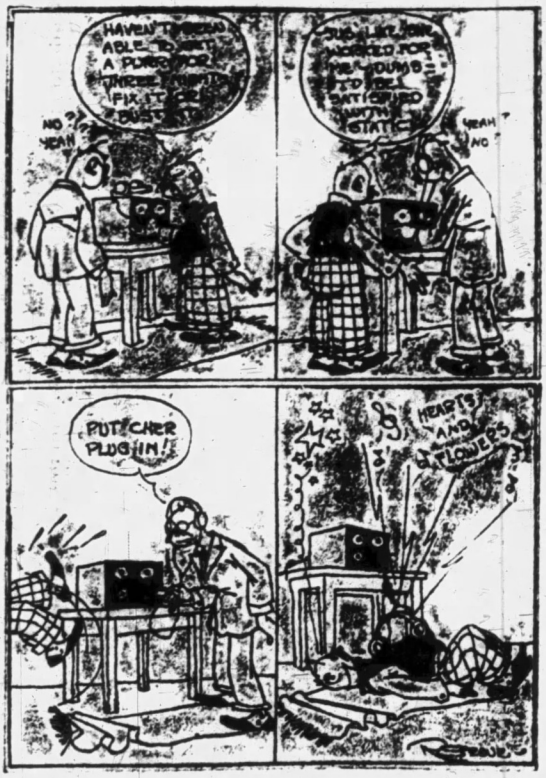
(In dem Briefe fanden wir noch die nachstehenden Zeilen, die Frau Klotzkopp wohl in der Abwesenheit ihres Gatten miteingeschlossen haben musz. D. R.)

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab aus der letschter Schmier, die mei alder Esel in dem Babier ghat hot, so viel ausmache kenne, dasz er krank sei will, un sell die Rieson is, dasz er net öfters schreibt. Er is so gsund wie der Fisch im Wasser un so faul, dasz er schtinkt. Do kerzlich, wie mir fun der Neischtadt heem gfahre sin, wo er in aller Werthsheiser widder dazu getand hot, dasz 's Bier net sauer werd, hot er for der Gate zu unserer Lehn zu mir gsagt: "Sárah, sag du Ho! zum Gaul, mei Zung is zu mied zum Schwetze." Wann ich juscht der ..... un dich dazu.

Yours mit much love,

Mrs. Sárah Flannigan-Klotzkopp.



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CANADIA

(NEA Daily Record Service)

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The Wales derby.

The Wales frock coat.

The Wales haircut.

The Wales bow tie.

The Wales cap, the Wales sweater, the Wales tweed and the Wales shirt.

The Wales this and the Wales that.

The style mentors of America are designing and patterning at fever heat in anticipation of the arrival of the Prince of Wales this fall.

When the heir to England's throne arrives he will find his sartorial counterpart wherever he turns, it appears.

In matters of men's styles it will be a Wales winter, from all present indications.

The influence of the prince's garb will be felt in everything from cuff-links to pajamas, the style setters predict.

Floral Design

Embroidered borders in floral designs are seen on the white flannel coats for midsummer. Frequently they are part of a three-piece costume of which the dress is also embroidered.

Publish Date: 02 Mai 1911

Reprint Date: 09 Aug 1924

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 2. Mai 1911.

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich am Samstag uf em Segblock im Holzschopp hinnig am Schmokhaus ghockt hab, um mei Peif auszükloobe, un widder zu filler, sin mir so allerleh Eidieha durch mei Dickworzel gange und ich bin widder emol zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz net alles uf der Welt is, wie es eegentlich sei sott. Ich hab so bei mir selwert gedenkt, wann ich nau so ebout 500 Buschel Weezer hot, dann wär ich allreit un ich kennt dann ah sage, wie der Julius Ceasor zum George Washington gsagt hot: "Schorsch, du kannscht mich gerschtebuckler". Is awer emohl der Weezer $1.17 's Buschel, dann hab ich kenner, un so gehts mir alsfort. Wann's emol Brei ragert, dann hab ich schur ken Leffel. Es guckt fascht, als ob ich net im rechte Zeeche uf die Welt kumnie bin. En dehl Leit, wie for Exämpel der derr Schpatzehannes und der roth Suppe kaschper hen Glick und rasche Geld wie Hoi, sie meege agreife was sie welle; annere Leit bloge sich fun frih bis schpot un wanns Johr rum is, kenne sie widder vorne afange. Ich mehn ebmohls, es geht net alles fehr her. Es heeszt wol, ehrlich währt am längschte. Awer sell is ah ehns fun denne schlipperiche Sprichwerter, was verschtanne sei misse. Ich mehn als ebmohls, dasz Leit, wo net gor zu schtark an der Ehrlichkeit schaffe, viel besser raus kumme, als wie die ganz ehrliche, zu denne sertänly ich belang, obglei ich die "Glock" for des Johr noch net in Aedvans bezahlt hab un ah em Parrer sei Lohn noch for 12 Munat schuldig bin, usw., usw., was dich awer nix ageht. Weescht du, warum ich glahb, dasz ehrlich am längschte währt? Bekahs, wer am längschte ehrlich is, der bleibt ah am längschte en armer Dropp.

Geizkrippel, die sich nix gunne, un ehme Floh 's Fell abziehe, un ihm dann noch in der Schtubb rumkicke, wann er net fett is, un freaze, was sie net verkaafe kenne, bringe 's ofkohrs weifer, wie for Exämpel ich's gebrocht hab. Zwische Geizagsei un Schpore is awer en grozer Differenz.

Der schporsamacht Mann, den ich noch jemohls in meim Lewer agedroffe hab, wor in Nord-Dumfries, Schmierkehe-Kaunty, Ont., for den ich gschafft hab, wie ich erscht hinnerdraus aus Deitschland kumme bin. Wie sei alde Kuh verreckt is, hen mir sie gesse, wie der ald Genserich die Aage zugedoh hot, hen mir ihn gesse, wie die ald Sau alle Vier fun sich gschtreckt hot, hen mir sie gesse, wie der ald Schofbock im Brunne versoffe is, hen mir ihn gesse. Dann is die ald Frah gschtorwe — des is mir awer doch en bissel zu dick worre, un do ich nix riske wott, hab ich die sehm Nacht noch mei Bindel gschnirt un mich aus em Schtaub gmacht.

En tschenuine Geizkrage hab ich der anner Dag getroffe, wie ich uf em Rigelweg noch Chesley gedrämelt bin, um dort uf em Philip seiner Loka! Option-Schpeie zu schpieler. Ich bin im Schmoking Car gehockt un hob mei verschtimmige Akkordian in ohme Bettquilt eigewickelt, newig mir uff em Sitz liege ghat. In Hanover is en Skatschmann in die Car kumme und hot sich newig mich gsotze. Iwer en Weil hab ich mei Peif raus gholt un ah glei genotist, dasz ich ken Duwack un ah ken Mätsches bei mir hab. Ich hab mei Gsicht zu ehre sisze Leicherbitterinien verzoge un den Kerl gfrogt, ob er vielleicht ken Mätsch bei sich het. Yes Sir, hot er geänsert. Wie ich ihm dann gans leislich gsagt hab, dasz ich ah aus Duwack wär, hot er gemehnt: "Wann du ken Duwack hoscht, brauchscht ah ken Mätsch,"—un hot sie widder in sei Tschäcketseckle gschteckt. Ich wett mei Belzkapp gege en nei Fünfdahlerbill, dasz seller rothhdorig, sunnefleckig Hawermehlfresser mehner fun dem Schtofft egent, was emol die Motte un der Roscht fresse, wie ich duh. Ich deht awer doch net mit ehm handler, do ich ebmohls mehner Gschpasz hab wie en ganzer Kefig voll Monkies, was seller Getzkrippel änyhow net sage kann, un 's ah net entschoier deht, wann er 's het.

Wann ich juscht en York-Schilling het for jede Schtrofpredigt, die ich schun aheerer hab misse, un for jedesmol, dasz mir der Holzkeidel nochgschmisse wore is, wär ich heit en achteereicher Mann. Doraus kannscht du sehne, dasz ich in der Selekschun fun ehme Ehegeschponscht ah net allzu kärful wor. Ich wor en scheeguckiger, schmärter junger Mannskerl un hab juscht die Hand nauszuschtrecker breicher, do hab ich glei en halb Dutzend Meed an jedem Finger henger ghat. Unner denne, die mir immer nochgeloffe sin, un die ich net hab loskriege kenne, wor ah em alder Grundsaujerg sei Schweschter, die scheel Philipbine, die $700 in Käsch griegt het, wann sie heiert. Wie ich sie awer emol uf eh Schprie beim alter Hannes in der Neischtadt genumme hab un die Buwe, die tscheiles uf mich wore, mich am neckschte Dag gfrogt hen, wie mei Groszmammi der Bahl gegliche het, bin ich dummes Schof ihr nimme uf 15 Ruthe neckscht kumme. Sie is awer immer noch ledig——un unverhofft kummt oft. Is es net merikwerdig, dasz manche alde Meeds, wo Geld zum Verbrenne hen, ken Mätsch schtreiker kenne?

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N. B. — Mei Lohn, wo ich em Parrer noch schuldig wor, is versetteit worre. Ich geb's Johr $4, un wie ich heit Middag uf em Weg zu der Poscht-Office wor, hab ich ihn gedroffe un en Berger mit ihm gmacht, dasz ich sei Kuh im Summer for $5 in der Weed halt, so dasz ich bei dem Diehl noch en Dahler shett bin. Seller Dahler awer sott er mir in Käsch bezahler, do ich net afforder kann, am eh Mann, wo so en grosz Saläry eischteckt, Kredit zu gewe. Denk juscht emol drah, Mister Glockemann, er kriegt $375 's Johr, un dozu noch en freies Haus mit Luft un Wasser neigschmisse.

Es winscht die dessehm,

J. K., Esq.

Swing Your Eyes

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 14. November 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Am letschter Mundag, wie 's Wetter so schee wor, hab ich die alt Fän eigschpannt un bin noch Hanover gfahre, um en Boddel Wanzerdroppe und en halb Pund Quetscher for der Särah ihrer Minzpoi zu kaafe.

Wie ich am lahmer Hengschtdreiwer sei Lehn kumme bin, hen sei zwee Kinner, der klee Meik un die Ketti mit ihrem Eszkiwel dort gschtanne, un hen mich gfrogt, ob ich ihne ken Lift bis ans Schulhaus gewe deht. Schur, hab ich gsagt: Du weescht, Mr. Glockemann, ich gleich die Kinner arig gut, wann sie sich behefer, un am lahmer Hengschtdreiwer seine sin ganz abaddig schmärt, und arder, was 's Maulwerk abelangt, ihrer Mutter, der schepp Katharine, noch.

* * *

Die Zwee hen sich dann zu mir gehockt, un wie der klee Meik sich alsfad am Kopp gekratzt hot, hab ich ihn gfrogt, warum er dann die ganz Zeit kratze deht, un do hot er gsagt, "weil ich der eenzig Kerl bin, der weesz, wo's mich beisze duht." Gor net so schlecht, hä?

Mir hen dann mitenanner gebabbelt, un uf emol is en Automobil, oder Schtinkkaschte, wie ich sie beese duh, kumme, un die alt Fän hot sich verschteillt, als ob sie Bang het, es hot awer nix zu sager ghat. Ich hab dann die Ketti gfrogt, ob sie wees, warum die Geil immer so gaschtig äkter diehn, wann sie en Automobil sehner?

"Ei schur! Unkel Joe," hot sie gsagt, "die Geil sin gejuhst, annere Geil en Wager zieher sehne, un sie wisse net, was draus zu mache, wann sie en Wage sehne, der allenig un uhne en Gaul geht. Ich glab, wann Du en Poor Hosse die Schtrosz nunner laafe sehne dehtscht, un ken Mann drin, dehtscht Du ah Bang kriege!"

Wie ich dann noch Hanover kumme bin, hab ich die Fän in die Sched gschteilt un bin niwer zum Engel in der Schtohr, wo en arig grosze Kraut wor, un ich en ganze Weil hab worte misse, bis so en Clerk mit krolliger Hoor un ehme Bleipensel hinnig em Ohr, kumme is, um mir abzuworter.

* * *

Newer mir hen zwee Weibsleit gschtanne, un die ehne hot die anner gfrogt, "hoscht ken Butter heit marger mit in der Schtohr gebrunge?"

"Nee," hot sie gsagt, "ich hab der Rahm wegschitte müsse."

"Na, was hot's dann gewe?"

"Ich hab mei Rahm im Keller schteh ghat un hab ihn noch mit ehre englischer Zeiding zugebunne ghat, do is en Maus driwer glofe un is dorchgebroche, in der Rahm geborzelt un versoffe."

"Un do daweger hoscht du der Rahm weckgeschitt?" hot die anner gmehnt, "do bischt du awer doch en dummeres Ding, wie ich inschpekt hab. Ich het efach gebuttert, der Schtorkieper het jo en Dreck gwiszt, ob en Maus im Rahm verreckt is oder net. In ehm Dehl gschieht dir's awer recht; vor was duhscht du dir net en Zeiding halte, was gut Babier hot. Ich bin der anner Dag in der Keller kumme, un do hot unser grosze gehl-, roth- und schwarzschtrefige Katz uf ehme Latwerghaffe, der ah mit ehre Zeiding zugebunner wor, ghockt un hot en grosze Rat gfresse. Ich bin adlich verschrocke, for ich hab schur gmehnt, sie deht ah ins Latwerg dorchbreche, awer sell wor net der Kehs. Ich hab sie dabber runergjagt, un bin sehne gange was sell for en Zeiding wor, un was mehnscht, es wor for en Fäkt en Schtick fun der "Glock." Drum sag ich dir, kriegt eich die 'Glock'; sie hot en scheener Druck un arig schtark Babier."

* * *

Wie ich mei Wanzerdroppe un Quetscher ghat hab, hab ich mir noch for 5 Cents Biskets un Kehs gewe losse un bin niwer ins Werthshaus, wo ich der Bohnerkreitelsepp un der Grundsaujerg gedroffe hab. Weil, um en lange Schtori katz zu mache, musz ich sage, dasz wie ich so gege sechs Uhr Owets losgschtärt bin for heem, bin ich schier gor zu den Konkluschen kumme, dasz ich vielleicht widder emol ens iwer der Dorscht gedrunke het. Es wor mir so krendordig im Mager, so dermlich im Kopp un so babbig im Maul.

Der Danger, was mei Hund is, is newig em Cutter hergeschprunge, so luschtig un fidel un hot for heller Freed alsfad gegauzt un gebellt. Du bischt juscht en Hund, hab ich zu mir selwert gsaft, un ich wott, ich wär ah ehner. Wann du dich ins Bett legscht, drehscht du dich juscht drei Mol rum un legscht dich anner.

Wann ich ins Bett geh, musz ich erscht noch alle Diehr zuschliesze, die Uhr ufzieher, die Katz nausduh un mich dann ausziehe. Kumm ich dann mit kalter Fiesz in Bett, dann schimpft die Särah wie en Rohrschpatz. Wann der Lisbeth ihr Kleenes heilt, wer ich aus em Bett gepuscht un musz den Krischer die halb Nacht in der Schtub rumdrage. Wann ich dann ins Bett kumm, is es juscht about Zeit for wider ufzeschteh. Wann der Hund ufschteht, duht er sich juscht schtrecke, schperrt 's Maul en poor Mol uf, fangt sich en Poor Fleh un fertig is er; er braucht sich net zu dresser, weschen oder schtrehler.

* * *

Die Särah hot die Fäschen, wann sie zornig is, mir alles nochzuschmeiszer. Trefft sie mich, so machts ihr Schapsz, trefft sie mich net, dann machts mir Schpasz. Ich hab's Feier azuschtecke, der Kessel uf der Offer zu schteller, Holz zu schplitte un mei Morgeresse reddi zu kriege. Der Danger awer schpringt juscht der ganz Dag rum, un hot plenti Gschpasz. Ich musz der ganz Dag schaffe un hab plenti Druwel. Wann der Hund dod is, is er dod; wann ich awer dod bin, musz ich vielleicht erscht noch in die . . . . geh.

Es winscht der desehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Ich hab geschtern en Brief fum Mr. Schmalz, Esq., in Berlin unnedraus, kriegt. Er hot mir mei Policy uf der Schoffschtall gschickt, un noch dazu gschriwe: "Liwer Joe! Der glicklicht Mann uf der ganz Welt wohnt alleweil in Manitoba; er hot sechs Akkordeons, 10 Kinner, 13 Jagdhund un en daabschtumme Frah." So en Glick, Mr. Glockemann, glab ich, kennter mir zwee gor net schtände.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, November 14, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

Last Monday, since the weather was so nice, I hitched up old Fan and drove over to Hanover to buy a bottle of bedbug repellent and a half pound of prunes for Sarah's mince pie.

When I came to the Lame Stallion Driver's lane his two children, little Mike and Katie, were standing there with their lunch pails. They asked me if I could give them a lift to the schoolhouse. Sure, I said. You know, Mr. Glockeman, I like children really very much when they behave well, and the Lame Stallion Driver's are indeed smart and take after their mother, crooked Katharine, as far as their gab is concerned.

The two then sat down beside me, and as little Mike kept on scratching his head incessantly, I asked him why he kept on scratching all the time. Then he said, "because I am the only fellow who knows where I itch." Not so bad, eh!?

We then chatted with each other, and suddenly an automobile, or stink-box as I call them, came along. Old Fan acted as if she was afraid, but she was just putting on. I then asked Katie whether she knew why horses always act so nastily when they see an automobile?

"Why sure, Uncle Joe," she said, "the horses are used to seeing other horses pulling a wagon, and they don't know what to think when they see a wagon going along without a horse. I think if you saw a pair of pants going down the street without a man in it you would also be scared too!"

* * *

When I then got to Hanover I put Fan into the shed and went over to Engel's store, where there was a big crowd and I had to wait quite a while until a clerk with curly hair and a lead pencil behind his ear came to wait on me.

Two women were standing beside me, and the one asked the other, "You didn't bring any butter to the store this morning, did you?"

"No," she said, "I had to pour out the cream."

"Well, why did you have to do that?"

"I had the cream standing in the basement and even had it tied up with an English newspaper when a mouse walked over it and broke through, flopped into the cream and drowned."

"And for that reason you poured the cream out," opined the other one. "If you did that you are stupider than I took you for. I would simply have churned, the storekeeper wouldn't have known whether a mouse croaked in the cream or not. To some extent it serves you right; why don't you get a newspaper printed on good paper. I went to the cellar the other day and there was our big yellow, red and black striped cat sitting on an apple-butter crock, which was also tied up with newspaper, and eating a big rat. I went into a real panic for I believed for sure that she would break through into the apple-butter, but that was not the case. I quickly chased her off and went to see what kind of a newspaper that was, and would you believe it, it was in fact a piece of the Glocke. Therefore I tell you, get yourself the Glocke, it has lovely print and very strong paper."

* * *

After I had bought the bedbug repellent and the prunes I had them give me five cents worth of biscuits and cheese and I went over to the hotel where I met Beanstalk Joe and Groundhog George. Well, to make a long story short I must say that when I started off for home around six o'clock, I almost came to the conclusion that I had once again taken one drink more than my thirst actually required. I was so indisposed in my stomach, dizzy in the head and pasty in the mouth.

Danger — that's my dog —ran alongside the cutter and barked and howled continuously and merrily and gaily out of pure joy. You are only a dog, I said to myself, and I wish I were one, too. When you lay down to sleep you turn around only three times and then you lay down.

When I go to bed I first have to lock all the doors, wind the clock, put out the cat and then get undressed. If I then come to bed with cold feet Sarah scolds like a fishwife. If Lizzie's baby bawls I am pushed out of bed, and have to carry the noisemaker half the night through around in the room. When I get to bed then it is just about time to get up. When the dog gets up he simply stretches, yawns a couple of times, catches a few fleas and he's ready for the day; he doesn't have to dress, wash or comb.

* * *

Sarah has the habit of throwing everything at me when she is angry. If she hits me she is delighted, if she doesn't hit me, I am glad. I have to light the fire, put the kettle on the stove, split wood and get my breakfast ready. Danger, however, just runs around all day and has lots of fun. I have to work all day and have lots of trouble. When the dog is dead, he is dead; when I am dead it is possible that I must go to h . . .

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—I got a letter yesterday from Mr. Schmalz, Esq., of Berlin, down yonder. He sent me my policy on the sheep stable and added the following footnote: "Dear Joe! The happiest man in the world is at present living in Manitoba. He has six accordions, 10 children, 13 hunting dogs and a deaf and dumb wife." Such luck, Mr. Glockemann, I believe, would be more than you and I could stand.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL! THE NEW
PHILISHAVE SPEED-FLEX!

With the new triple, micro-groove heads and trimmer for faster, more comfortable shaves.

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Reprint Date: 24 Dec 1966

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 9. Dezember 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Es is doch merikwerdig un kurios, dasz man sei Noschens un Inkleneschuns manchmol sogar in seiner Kinskinner sehne kann. Nau, du weescht, dasz ich en wenig en liderlicher, awer dodobei doch en arig gutherziger Dropp bin, in Fäkt so gutherzig, dasz wann ich's helfe kann, ich nix schaffe duh, juscht um annerer Leit die Erwet net wegzunemmer. Es merikwerdigscht awer an dere Sach is, dasz die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihrer Aeltschte is, mir in dem Point nochahmer duht.

Do wor for Exämpel der anner Dag der Brediger bei uns zum Middagsesser, um unser neie Wersch zu versuche, un do hen mir am Disch so iwer allerleh Geischtliches un Weltliches gebabbelt, wie des so Fäschen is, wann der Parrer kummt. Er hot dann ah der Mildred guter Roth gewer un zu ihr gsagt:

"Nicht wahr, Mildred, Arbeit macht das Leben süsz!"

Dodruf hot die klee Krot geänsert: "Excuse mich, Mister Prediger, awer ich mach mir nix aus derortiger Schleckereier!"

Ich bin roth bis hinnig die Ohre wore un hab dem Brediger dabber en Schtick Blutworscht uf der Deller gelegt; awer ich hab doch gsehne, dasz selle Antwort ihn gekitzelt hot, do er uf der annere Seit fun seim Maul geschmeilt hot.

* * *

Die Särah hot der kleener Rotznas gsagt, sie sott ihre freche Gosch halte un sich schemme, so Langwitsch zu juhser, un hot sie naus in die Kich gjagd. Die Särah un der Brediger hen dann awer noch en ganze Zeitlang driwer geargued, was ehme Parrer sei Duty wär; sie sin awer zu kenner Konkluschen kumme, bis die Särah am End gsagt hot:

"Mei Meening is efach die, dasz die Breiger demithig un arm sei sotter, wie's fun Rechtswege fun ihne verlangt werd."

"Da haben Sie vollkommen Recht, Frau Klotzkopp," hot der Brediger gmehnt, "ich habe schon oft gebetet, dasz ich demüthig bleiben möge, was aber das Armbleiben anbelangt, ist das Beten nicht nöthig, dafür sorgt meine Gemeinde."

Sell hot der Särah 's Maul geschtofft. Wie awer dann der Brediger fort is, hot sie ihm doch en dehl Seifisz eigewickelt, un mit heem zu nemme un hot gsagt, 's wäre zwee Sorte. Wie er wisse wott, was sie dodobei mehner deht, hot sie geänsert, "es sin rechtse un linkse."

Wie der Brediger dann fort wor, is die Mildred widder in die Schtub kumme un ich hab zu ihr gsagt, wann sie sich nau beheefe wott, derft sie mir noch en Krug Cider ruf holer, was sie dann ah geduh hot.

* * *

Ich war grad am Drinker, do hen mir die Schlittebells schun widder rabbler here un hen gsehne, wie der Belzkapp-Philip die Lehn rufgfahre is. Ich wor ganz astanicht, ihn zu sehne, do ich am Freitag Owert in der Singschul gheert hab, dasz er widder an seiner alder Blog, Neuralschi un Rhumadis, suffere deht un ufglegt wär. Wie er un der Knecht sei Gaul in der Schtall gschtellt ghat hen, is er reikummer un nochdem er all rum Händs gschäkt ghat hot, hab ich gsagt:

"Ei Philip, ich hab ghert, du wersch widder krank, un es is werklich en Seiht for wehe Aage, dich so frisch un gsund zu sehne."

"Joe," hot er gsagt, "ich hab en schlimme Zeit neigeduh, awer der schwatz Lisbeth ihrer Rezept hot mir desmohl schur gholfe." "Was is dann des for en Medizin, wann ma frage derf" hab ich gsagt.

"Well," mehnt er, "sie kummt noch hinnerdraus aus Deitschland, un der Lisbeth ihrer Vatter hot's fun ehre Frah gkrigt, die die siwert Dochter fun der siwerter Dochter mitterlicher Seits wor. Väterlicher Seits machts net viel aus."

"Jetzt Joe," hot er gsagt, "geb ich dir des Rezept for in der "Glock" zu publischer, for ich wees, 's gebt arig viel Leit, die fun Neuralschi und Rhumadis sufferer. Es erscht Ding, was ma braucht, sin Wildkerscher; die misse awer uf ehme Bahm wachse, der ganz allenig uf ehme Feld schteht, wo Schof weide diehn. Die Wildkerscher misse zwische 11 un 12 Uhr nachts am a Owert eb der Mond voll is un 14 dag for Quatember, un ehme 18 Johr aldes Medel gerobbt were, des noch niemols ans Heiere un der Hochmuth gedenkt hot un ah sunscht en braves Weibsmensch is."

* * *

"Nochher nemmt ma die Kerscher, derrt sie im Backoffe un wann sie gut ausgedruckelt sin, duht ma juscht about en Quart voll in en Gall guter Schnapps, un wann ma kenn Schnapps hot, duhts ah guter Whisky, un loszt sie about zwee Woche lang gut durchsuckler, dann is die Medizin fertig for Juhs. For Neuralschi nemmt ma en halb Kaffeekobble voll. Wann ma noch ehre halwer Schtund net besser fiehlt oder Rilief kriegt, nemmt ma widder en half Kaffeekobble voll. So macht ma efach fort bis ma finf oder sechs Doses gnumme hot, un wann's dann net besser is, gebt ma ah ken Dreck meh drum, ob man Neuralschi hot oder net."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Wann ich en Tschanz kriege sott, schick ich dir vielleicht en Sechsbenzhaffervoll fun der Särah ihrer Kuddelfleck for en Christmesz-Bresent. En neier Belzkittel deht mir den Winter arig hendig kumme; ich will awer nix gsagt hawe, weil ich wees, dasz du zu verdreht un geizig bischt, un mir so en klee Bresent zu mache. Schreiwer awer kann ma for dich, bis ma Leis in der Mager kriegt, un sell is juscht about alles, was ma fun dir inschpeckte kann.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

NB No. 2—Laft der Schmalz widder for Mayor? Wann er duht, soll er michs bei Zeite wisse losse, so dasz sie mei Akkordion im Schmidschap schtimme un en dehl neie Klappe drahschweese kenne. Wann er mir en Tschab verschprecht, kumm ich dann nunner un schpiel bei seiner Ward Meetings, so dasz er selwert net so viel Wind loszufeirer braucht.

Yours for ever, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, December 9, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

It is remarkable and curious how you can recognize your own notions and inclinations even in your own grandchildren. Well, you know that I am somewhat of a miserable, nevertheless a quite good-natured wretch, in fact so good-hearted that if I can help it I don't work at all simply so as not to take work away from other people. The most remarkable thing, however is, that Mildred, my Lizzie's eldest daughter, takes after me in this respect.

The other day, for example, the preacher was at our place for dinner, mainly to sample our new sausage, and at the table we babbled about all kinds of religious and worldly subjects as is the custom when the preacher visits us. He then also gave Mildred good advice and said to her:

"Work makes life sweet, doesn't it, Mildred!"

To that the little wretch answered: "Excuse me, pastor, but I pay no attention to such flattery!"

* * *

I blushed up to the ears and quickly put a piece of bloodsausage on the preacher's plate. But I nevertheless noticed that that answer tickled him, for he smiled perceptibly on the other side of his face.

Sarah told the little snotnose that she should shut her fresh trap, and should be ashamed to use such language and chased her out into the kitchen. Sarah and the preacher kept on arguing for a considerable time about the duty of a preacher. But they came to no conclusion, until Sarah finally said:

"My opinion is simply this, that preachers should be humble and poor as propriety demands of them."

"Here you are completely right, Mrs. Klotzkopp," said the preacher, "I have often prayed that I may remain humble, but as far as remaining poverty-stricken is concerned, I don't need to pray, my congregation attends to that."

That stopped Sarah's yap. But as the preacher was preparing to leave she did wrap up a couple of the pigs' hocks to take home, and said that she was giving him two kinds. When he wanted to know what she meant by that, she answered, "There are right ones and left ones."

After the preacher was gone, Mildred came in the room again and I told her that, if she now wanted to behave herself, she might go to the basement and bring up a jug of cider, and this she then did.

* * *

I was just in the act of drinking it when we again heard sleighbells tinkling and saw that Furcap Philip was driving up the lane. I was quite astonished to see him since I had heard on Friday that he was suffering again with his old complaint, neuralgia and rheumatism, and was indisposed. After he and the hired man had put his horse in the stable he came to the house, and after he had shaken hands all around I said:

"Why Philip, I heard that you were sick again, and it is really a sight for sore eyes to see you so chipper and healthy."

"Yes," he said, "I put in a bad time, but Black Lizzie's remedy certainly helped me this time."

"What kind of a medicine is that, if I may ask," I said.

"Well," he said, "she was born back in Germany, and Lizzie's father got it from a woman who was the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter on the maternal side. The paternal side has little importance.

"Now, Joe," he said, "I am going to give you the remedy to publish in the Glocke, for I know that there are a lot of people who suffer from neuralgia and rheumatism. The first thing that you need are wild cherries. But they must grow on a tree which stands all by itself in a field where sheep graze. The wild cherries must be picked between 11 and 12 on an evening before the moon is full and 14 days before Quatember, by a girl 18 years of age, who has never thought of marriage nor of any finery and is also otherwise an upright female!

* * *

"You then take the cherries, dry them in the bake oven, and when they are well dried out you put approximately a quart of them in a gallon of good brandy, and if you have no brandy, then a good whisky will do. You let the mixture infuse thoroughly for about two weeks, and then the medicine is ready for use. For neuralgia you take a half cupful. If you don't feel better in a half hour or get relief, you take another half cupful. You continue in that way until you have taken five or six doses, and if it is not any better by then you will no longer care a darn if you have neuralgia or not."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—If I should get a chance I'll send you a sixpence crock of Sarah's tripe as a Christmas present. A new fur coat would come in very handy this winter. But I don't want anything said, because I know that you are too cross-grained and stingy to give me such a little present. But I can write for you until I get lice in the gizzard, and that is about all the thanks that I can expect from you.

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

NB No. 2—Is Schmalz running again for mayor? If he is, he is to let me know betimes so that they can tune my accordion in the blacksmith shop and weld on a couple of new keys. If he promises me a job I will come down and play at his ward meetings, so that he does not have to let loose so much wind himself.

Yours for ever, J. K. Esq.

'Selfish' Alcoholic Now Good Samaritan

TORONTO (CP)—It's better to give than receive, and nobody knows it better than Harry Spencer of Toronto.

Mr. Spencer, 47, is a body- he visits invalids, takes them presents and gives them a ride in a bus he adapted to carry wheelchairs.

Friendship is his hobby. In

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 26. Dezember 1911

Mister Glockemann!

Die Christmesz-Selebreschun fum mein ganze Lewe hab ich des Johr neigeduh, un es wor die gresche Expirienz, die mir noch jemols gehäppend is. Die ganze Kinner un Kinskinner sin Nomidags un Owerts bei uns ufgeturned, un die Kraut im Haus wor so grosz, dasz mir wie Sardines in ehre Box zusammegepackt worre.

Ebbes noch der 7 Uhr Owerts sin awer die Kinner ungeduldig worre, weil die Särah in der Sitting Ruhm bissig war, zum Crischtbahm zu tende. Ich hab dann mei Akkordian gnumme, en Holzklotz uf der Kichedisch gschtellt, mich drufghockt un zu schpieler agfange. Wie mir grad ferdig worre, des schee Lied: "Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen" zu singen, do hot's uf emol in der Sitting Ruhm gebellt un die Diehr is ufgange.

* * *

I tell you wat, Mister Glockemann, was des for en Bracht un Herrlichkeet wor! Die Kinner hen Aage gmacht so grosz wie en Blechkiwel un hen gekrische wie wilde Insching. Die Lichter hen gebrennt, so dasz mir der schepp Kathrine ihrer Lamb, wo mir Nomidags for unser vieller Besuch glehnt hen, gor net gebraucht hen. Goldige Nisz, Ebbel, Bulleis un allerleh Babiergfrees wore uf em Bahm, dasz ma schur gmehnt hot, ma wäre schun im Paradies.

Un erscht die Bresenter! Do wor for en Fäkt en Belzkittel aus Kalbshaut fun dem reicher un geiziger "Glockemann", was ich gor net hab glawe welle, bis ich ihn ufghower un exämind ghat hab. Fum Schmalz wor en Wandkalender un en Akkaunt for die Inschurenz-Policy uf mei Schoffschtall kumme. In ehner Eck hot, wie ich gmehnt hab, en Mehlsack gschtanne, wo ich awer neher geguckt hab, wor's jusch ehns fun der Särah ihrer Schtrimb, der ganz mit Presents vollgeschtobbt wor. Bobbe, Drumpeter, Drummler, Kameler, Schockelgeil un annere Schpielsache for die Kinner worre so viel do wie Fleh uf ehme Hund im Juni.

Der Meik, was mei Aeltschter is, hot en Keg Hüthers Droppe mitgebrunge un agschteckt, der Philip hot sei Maulmusik gholt, ich hab die Akkordian genumme, un bal wor en Lewe im Haus, dasz ma sei eger Wort nimme ghert hot. Was mich awer so arig kurios gedunke hot, wor, dasz die Särah mir immer mei leer Glas ufgfillt un immer wider gsagt hot:

"Drink jusch, Joe, heit Owert is Chrischtmesz un so jung kumme mir net widder zusamme!"

* * *

Uf ehmol hen mir Musik vor em Haus ghert, un wie mir zum Fenschter nausgucke, wor's schur die Aytoner Bänd, die kumme is, for mich zu sereneter. Wie sie dann noch des schee Lied, "Ich Weesz Net was Soll es Bedeuten, Dasz Ich so Traurig Bin", gschpielt ghat hen, sin die Bändbuwe reikumme un dann is der G'schpasz erscht recht losgange.

Mei Glas wo bei dere Zeit leer un die Särah hot mir grad widder neigschitt, wie der Danger, was mei Hund is, agfange hot zu gautzer un mich am Hossebeeh gezobbt hot. Ich hab der Kopp in die Heh, un wie ich die Aage ufmach, seh ich, dasz ich im Heinrich seim Hinnerschtiwle mit em Kopp uf em Disch eigschlofe wor un alles des gedramt ghat hab. Newer mir hot en leer Glas, un en Deller mit ehre Brotkruscht un ehme Schtickle Limburger Käs gschtanne.

Jetzt is mir eigfalle, dasz die Särah mich ins Schtettel gschickt ghat hot, um ihre Schweschter, die Misses Pat Murphy fum Nordweschter, Nomidags zu mieter. Ich bin dabber nausgfegt, hab die ald Fän aus der Sched gholt un bin wie der Blitz noch der Station gfahre.

Wie ich hikumme bin, hen sie mir gsagt, dasz der Drehn zwee Stund schpot wär, un do sie dort ken Teiposchter hen, hab ich die Fän an en Frehtcar gebunne un bin niwer zum Otto.

Härly wor ich awer dort, do sin ah schun en Poor Lausbuwe reikumme un hen gekrische: "Joe, dei Rehsgaul is am Durchgeh, hurry up un kätsch ihn!" Wie ich niwer an die Station kumm, seh ich, dasz die Fän uf em Dräck hinnig ehme Frehtdrehn wie Hail Columbia herfegt. Erscht beim Plantz seiner Crossing is der Teischträp verrisse, so dasz die ald Mehr widder frei wor.

* * *

Ich sag dir awer, Mister Glockemann, des wor dir en Sauerei: Am Buggy wors Hinnerrad ab, 's Daschbord wor geschmäscht, 's Geilsgscherr verrisser un fun annerer Dämetsch gor net zu schwetzer. Die Bodel Kuddelfleck die die Särah in roth Babier eigwickelt ghat hot, un die ich dir bei Tschönz hab schicke weller, wor kaput, un uf em Schmalz seim Schwadermager hen en Poor Hund ghockt un hen ihn schun halb gfresse ghat, eb ich hikumme bin.

Zum Glick is der Särah ihrer Schweschter net kumme. Ich hab mich gschemmt dorch's Schtettel heem zu geh, un erscht Owerts, wie 's schun dunkel wor, hab ich die Fän hinner rum heemgführt. Die Särah wees bis jetzt noch nix fun der Supp, die ich mir eigebrockt hab, wann sie 's awer ausfind . . . . dann winscht dir dessehm un en happy New Year

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Was mich awer an dere ganze Bisnesz am mehnschter ärgert, is, dasz ich sell Glas Bier, was die Särah mir im Drahm eigschenkt ghat hot, noch ausgedrunke hab, eb ich ufgwacht bin. J.K. Esq.

Neustadt, December 26, 1911

Mister Glockemann:

The Christmas celebration of this year represented a high-point in my life, and it was the greatest experience which ever occurred to me. All the children and grandchildren turned up at our house during the afternoon and evening, and the crowd in the house was so large that we were packed together like sardines in a box.

A bit after 7 o'clock in the evening the children became impatient because Sarah was busy in the sitting room looking after the Christmas tree. I then took my accordion, put a block of wood on the kitchen table, sat down on it and began to play. Just as we were finished singing the beautiful song We're Here So Happy Together, there was a knock in the sitting-room and the door opened up.

I tell you what, Mister Glockemann, that was a beautiful and magnificent sight! The children made eyes as large as tin pails and shouted as loud as wild Indians. The lights were so bright that we didn't need crooked Catharine's lamp which we had borrowed in the afternoon for our big occasion. Golden nuts, appies, bulleyes and all kinds of paperback candies were on a tree, so that you were almost sure that you were already in paradise.

* * *

But you should have seen the presents! There was in fact a fur coat of calfskin from that rich and stingy Glockemann. I couldn't believe it until I had picked it up and examined it. From Schmalz there was a wall calendar and a bill for the insurance policy on my sheep stable. In one corner, as I thought, a flour sack was standing, but when I took a closer look it was just one of Sarah's stockings which was completely filled with presents. Dolls, trumpets, drums, camels, rocking-horses and other toys for the children were as plentiful as fleas on a dog in June.

Mike, my eldest son, had brought along a keg of Huether's drops and tapped it. Philip got his mouth organ; I took my accordion and soon there was such a commotion in the house that you could not hear your own voice. But what I thought extremely strange was that Sarah always filled up my empty glass again and again and said:

"Go ahead and drink, Joe, this evening is Christmas and we'll never celebrate it again as young as we are now!"

Suddenly we heard music in front of the house and when we looked out of the window, it was the Ayton Band that had come to serenade me. When they then had played the beautiful song I Do Not Know What the Reason May Be That I Am So Sad," the bandsmen came in the house and then the fun really began in earnest.

* * *

My glass was empty by this time and Sarah was just filling it, when Danger, my dog, began to bark and pulled me by the trouser leg. I lifted my head and when I opened my eyes, I saw that I had gone to sleep in Henry's back room with my head on the table and that the whole thing was a dream. Beside me stood an empty glass, a plate with a bread crust and a little piece of limburger cheese.

Now I remembered that Sarah had sent me to town in the afternoon to meet her sister, Mrs. Pat Murphy, from the northwest. I quickly darted out, got old Fan out of the shed and drove like lightning to the station. When I got there they told me that the train was two hours late.

Since they have no tieposts there I tied Fan to a freight car and went over to Otto's place. But I was hardly there when a couple of rascals came in and shouted:

"Joe, your racehorse is running away, hurry up and catch it!"

When I got over to the station I saw that Fan was galloping like Hail Columbia along behind a freight train. Not until Plantz's Crossing did the tiestrap break, so that the old mare was free again.

* * *

But I tell you, Mister Glockemann, that was a mess. The back wheel was off the buggy, the dashboard was smashed, the harness was torn, not to mention other damage. The bottle of tripe, which Sarah had wrapped in red paper and which I had intended to send to you, was ruined. A couple of dogs were sitting on Schmalz's headcheese, and had half devoured it when I got there.

Fortunately Sarah's sister did not arrive. I was ashamed to go home through the town, and not until evening when it was already dark did I lead Fan home by a back street. Sarah does not know up till now of the big shamozzle in which I got myself mixed up. But when she finds out . . . then I wish you the same and a Happy New Year.

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—What annoys me most about the whole business is that I didn't drink that glass of beer which Sarah poured for me in my dream before I woke up. J. K. Esq.

THANK YOU

DR. RONALD W. G. SMART
Family Physician
announces the opening of his office at
726 Belmont Ave. W.

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RITTINGER

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 12. Januar im neier Johr 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab geschtern am Gansfettjockel butscherer helfer soller; erschtens awer wor 's so kalt, dasz ma kenn Hund hinnig em Offer het rauskocksen kenner, un zwettens is am Jockel sei Cider so dinn un sauer, dasz ma Leis in der Mager dafu kriege kennt, un so bin ich zu der Konkluschun kumme, daheem zu bleiwe.

Do 's awer zu langweilig is, der ganz lieb lang Dag uf der Holzkischt zu hocke, zu japper, Duwack zu tschaher, uf der Offe zu schpucker, un mit der Sarah zu geilerer un schimpfer, hab ich gemehnt, ich wott dir widder en poor Leins dropper, obglei ich net viel wees.

Ich hab in deim Babier glese, dasz sie in Owen Sound zum zwetter Mol Local Option gekarried hen, wann schun viel Leit geprafeseit hen, dasz die Schtadt unnig seller Temperenz-Lah zum Schinner geht. Wie 's scheint, is sell awer net der Kehs, oder die Majority fun der Leit dort owedraus weller 's absolut hawer, dasz 's Schteddel werklich uf der Hund kummt.

Es sound net gut, fun so ehre alter Schnapsnas, wie ich ehne bin, en Temperenz-Lecktscher zu heere, un es is ah net mei Intenschun, for sell zu duh. Ich wees awer doch fun was ich schwetz und hab mehner Expiriens was Saufer un im Werthshausrumliege abelangt, wie die mehnschter Temperenz-brediger und Temperenzweibsmenscher.

* * *

Mei Mehning is efach die, dasz die Temprenzler un ah viel Werth in ihrer Kontenschuns zu weit gehner. Werthsheiser misse mir hawe, awer Werthsheiser, die an Akkordanz mit der Lah grunnt werre, in denne 's gut Esse, sauwere Better, un was bei mir die Hauptsach is, gute und grosze Drinks for wenig Gelt gebt. Ratgut-Whiskey sott kenner verkaaft werre, un wann en Werth gekatscht werd, der sell duht, sott er fum Squire gesentenzt werre, ihn selwert zu saufer.

Ehns fun der greschter Iwel awer in unserer Barschtuwe is des miserawel Trieting-Bisznes, dorch des mehner Sauferei kummt, un dorch des der Deiwel mehner Seele katscht, wie dorch ergends ebbes schunscht. Ich hab mir des Triete schun vor 25 Johr abgewehnt, obglei ich als ah mitdrink, wenn's ebber sunscht bezahlt. Ich denk halt efach, wann ich's net sauf, sauft's en annerer Sponscher, un 's war iweraus Schad, wann 's net gedrunke deht werre, do 's for sell, unner der Ufsicht fun der Lah, gemacht werd.

Viel Werth scheine sich kenn Gewisse draus zu macher, jedem Tom, Dick und Harry Schnaps zu verkaafe, un wann sie sechs Mol wisse, dasz bei denne Schnapsbrüder die Weiwer un Kinner daheem sufferer, un der Bettelsack an der Wand am verzweifler is. Sie herre ersicht dann uf, wann die Kerls uf die Insching-Lischt kumme.

Drittens sotte die Werth ihre Barschtuwe owerts bei Zeite zumache und sie fun Samstag Owerts bis Mundag morgents zu halte, exsept wann ich emol kumme sott, for en kleener Schmell die Gorgel nunnerzujager. Wann sie all die Lah halte dehte, wie der David in Wiarton und noch en ganz deht annere Werth, die ich kenn, dann war kenn arig Dehnscher, dasz Local Option kumme deht.

* * *

Kumme awer duht sie in noch vieler Bletz, do jetzt schun die Helft fun der Munizipalites in Ontario drucker sind. Wann die Werth sich awer beheefer, duht sie härly in der deitsche Distrikts karrier, un ich hoff juscht, dasz ich der Dag niemols seh, wo ah die Neischtadt drucker gemacht werd. Dann war's schur Matti am letschter.

Ich hab en gut Ding ghert, was ehme Temperenzlektscherer kerzlich for der Lekschun in Owen Sound gehappend is. Nochdem er alle Sinder in der Welt em Schnaps in die Schuh gschowe ghat hot, hot er gsagt, kenn junger Mann sott in en Blatz geh, wo er net ah sei Schweschter mitnemme kennt. "Is vielleicht en junger Mannswkerl do heit Owet, der prodder kann, dasz des net der Kehs is?" hot er dann gfrogt.

Dodruf is en junger Kerl gans hinner in der Hall utgschtanne un hot aus Leiweskrefte gebrillt, "Jo, ich kann!"

"Un was, Mister," hot der astanischt un verargert Lektscherer dann gsagt, "is sell for en Blatz, wo du selwer besuche dehtscht, awer dei Schwechter net mitnemme kennscht?"

Der Barbershap," hot dann der jung Bengel gekrische.

* * *

En anner gut Ding musz ich dir verzehler, eh ich Feierowet mach. Die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihrer Aeltschte is, is der anner Dag fun der Schul heemkumme, un hot gsagt, dasz sie 5 Cents fum Tietscher for en Preis kriegt het. Wie ich sie gfrogt hab, for was, hot sie gsagt, weil sie der eenzig Skaller wor, wo em Tietscher hot expleener kenne, was des Wort "Liebkosung" mehnt. "Well, was wor dei Expleneschun" hab ich gfrogt. "Liebkosung mehnt uf deitsch," hot sie gansert, "wann dei Grandpah Owerts fun der Neischtadt heem kummt, mei ich Schweschter uf der Schosz nemmt, sie schtreecheit un zu ihr sagt, du bischt doch en sisze kleene Drecksau!"

Es winscht dir dessehm

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq

NB—Ich seh, der Schmalz hot dich widder zu ehme Park Kommischoner uf drei Johr appointed. Well, wann du en Sampel fun seiner Affisholders bischt, kann mir die ganz Bonsch gschtohle ware. Awer Schpasz bei Seit. Ich hab en poor junge Grundsei, en zahmer Krab, en Hinkelweih un en Dauwerschtoszer, un wann ihr mir mer Expenses noch Berlin un widder zurick noch der Neischtadt bezahlt, bring ich eich des wild Vieh for die Menätscherie in eirem Park.

Yours etzetre, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, January 12 in the new year 1912

Mister Glockemann:

I was supposed to help Goosegrease Jack to butcher yesterday. But it was first of all so cold that you couldn't have coaxed a dog from behind the stove, and secondly Jack's cider is so thin and sour that one could get lice in the stomach from it. Consequently I came to the conclusion to stay at home.

But since it is too boring to sit all day on the wood box to yap, to chew tobacco, to spit on the stove and to fight and quarrel with Sarah, I thought I would drop you a few lines again although I have little news to report.

I read in your paper that they have carried local option in Owen Sound for the second time, even if many people have prohphesied that the town under that temperance law will go to the dickens. But it appears that that is not the case, or does the majority of people up yonder absolutely insist that the town is actually to go to the dogs.

It doesn't sound very good to hear a temperance lecture from an old toper like me, and it is also not my intention to do that. But I do know what I am talking about and have more experience about tippling and frequenting hotels than most temperance preachers and temperance women.

* * *

My opinion simply is that the temperance people and also many hotelkeepers go too far in their arguments. We have to have hotels which are run according to law, in which there are good meals, clean beds, and what for me is the most important thing, good and big drinks for little money. Rotgut whisky should not be sold, and if a hotelkeeper is caught who does that he should be sentenced by the squire to drink it himself.

One of the greatest evils in our barrooms, however, is the miserable treating business, through which more excessive drinking comes about and through which the devil catches more souls than through anything else. I gave up treating already 25 years ago, although I also drink along if someone else pays for it. I simply conclude that if I don't drink it, another sponger will do so, and it would be too bad if it weren't drunk, since it is done under the supervision of the law precisely for that purpose.

Many hotelkeepers have no conscience in selling whisky to every Tom, Dick and Harry, even if they know a half dozen times that the wives and the children of these topers are suffering at home, and that the beggar's bag on the wall is in despair. They stop only when the chaps are put on the Indian list.

* * *

Thirdly, the hotelkeepers should close their barrooms betimes in the evening, and keep them closed from Saturday evening until Monday morning, except when I should perchance happen to come to chase a little smell down my gullet. If all of them would observe the law like David in Wiarton and quite a few other hotelkeepers whom I know, then there would be little real danger of local option coming.

But it will still come in many places, as already half the municipalities in Ontario are dry. But if the hotelkeepers behave themselves it will hardly carry in the German areas, and I certainly hope that I shall never see the day when Neustadt too would go dry. That would surely be the limit.

I heard a wonderful story of what happened to a temperance lecturer in Owen Sound shortly before the election. After he had blamed all the sins in the world on whisky, he said no young man should go to a place to which he could not take his sister. "Is perhaps a young man here this evening who can prove that that is not the case?" he then asked.

Thereupon a young fellow way back in the hall got up and shouted at the top of his voice, "Yes, I can!"

"And what kind of a place, mister," the astonished and annoyed lecturer said then, "would you go to to which you couldn't take your sister?"

"The barber shop!" the young rascal shouted.

* * *

I must tell you another good story before I ring off. The other day, Mildred, who is the eldest daughter of my Lizzie, came home from school and said that she had gotten five cents from the teacher as a prize. When I asked her what for, she said because she was the only scholar who could explain to the teacher what the word Liebkosung (fondle) meant.

"Well, what was your explanation?" I asked.

"Liebkosung (fondle) means in German," she answered, "when my grandpa comes home in the evening from Neustadt, takes my little sister on his lap, caresses her and says to her, you are certainly a sweet, dirty, little piggy."

I wish you the same.

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq

NB—I see that Schmalz has appointed you parks commissioner for another three-year term. Well, if you are an example of his office-holders, then I don't care if someone runs away with the whole lot. But levity aside. I have a few young groundhogs, a tame crow, a chicken hawk and a pigeon hawk, and if you pay my expenses to Berlin and back again to Neustadt, I will bring you these wild animals for the menagerie in your park.

Yours etc. J. K. Esq.

Offer $100 Reward for Epileptic Poodle

TORONTO (CP)—A $100 reward has been offered for the return of an epileptic black poodle with a white goatee.

The dog's owner, Joseph Curatolo, said today his pet may be dying somewhere, of a seizure, and only his family knows the treatment that keeps him alive.

The dog, of championship stock, is nine years old.

OPP Sergeant Taking Scotland Yard Course

Here's the ALL-WEATHER TIRE you nee

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and, 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 24. Tschanuary 1912

Mister Glockemann:

Der anner Owert war ich un der Danger, was mei Hund is, ganz alleenig im Haus ghockt, do die Sarah un die Mildred niwer zu der Lisbeth sin, for Fett ausbroder zu helfer. Der Wind hot drauszer gheilt wie Sam Hill, der Schnee is gege die Fenschterscheiwer geblose, dasz en Poor dafun, wo mit Babier zegebabbt worre, verrisse sin und ich en Dehl fun der Sarah ihre ungeschtobbter Schtrimb nei hab schtecke misse. Ich hab dann noch en Dehl Kletz in der Kicheoffe gschmisse un mich danewer in der Schockelschtuhl glegt, un iwer mei vergangenes Lewe nochgedenkt.

Do is mir dann ah mei erschte Expirienz beim Schparger eigfalle, die ich dir heit Owert verzehler will. Do ich awer net hawe will, dasz die Sarah des ausfind, die noch so tschelles wie en 18 Johr alt Medel uf mich is un immer glei afangt zu eiferer, so schick mir mei "Glock" die Woch in Kehr fum Loui, do ich am Dunnerschtag doch mit ehre Lood Brigelholz noch der Neischtadt kumm.

Well, des is so gehappend. Ich wor en scheener junger Mannskerl, un bin noch mit kemm Medel gange un hab ah noch kenne for en Dreif gnumme ghat. "Well, Joe," hot dann emol eh Dags mei Mam zu mir gsagt, "du bischt nau fascht 22 Johr ald un sottscht ball emol for en Frah ausgucke; awer ehn Ding will ich dir doch sage, bring mir juscht en sauweres Weibsmensch heem, un kenn so Drecksack wie em Michel seine ehne is."

* * *

Ich hab der Poin in Konsideraschun gnumme un bin zu der Konkluschun kumme, dasz die Mam juscht about recht hot.

Net weit fun uns hot en skatch Family gwuhnt, die sich Ferguson gschriwe hot, un die hen en deitsche Maad ghat, die ich schun en poor Mol in der Singschul gsehner ghat hab, un die mir ah glei im Maage glege hot. Ich hab sellermols noch ken Wart englisch kenne; des hot mich awer doch net abghalte, for mei Meind ufzumacher un emol mei Glick zu browirer.

Wie ich zu 's Fergusons ins Haus kumme bin, hot die Misses glei zu mir gsagt: "Are yuh die nu heiert Man?"

"Nee," hab ich gsagt, "ich bin noch ken gheierter Mann, awer mei Mam will hawe, dasz ich mich noch ehme sauwerer Weibsmensch umguck, un so ball wie meglich heier."

Do druf hot awer die Maad glacht, dasz die Offerohr gewackelt hen. Sie hot mich dann zum Mister und der Misses Ferguson geintrodukst un gsagt, ich sott mich juscht daheem mache un mich annerhocke.

Die Alte hen sich dann an der Disch gsotze un Ebbel geschnitzt, un die Maad hot geschtrickt. So um about ½9 Uhr hen die Alte sich ins Bett gmacht. Die Maad hot ihr Schtrickes ah weg glegt. Ich hab uf ehme Schtuhl newig am Offe ghockt un sie uf der Holzkischt.

Well, mir hen dann en Weil iwer allerleh gebabbelt, bis sie gsagt hot, ich sott mich newig sie uf die Holzkischt hocke, dann breichte mir net so laut zu schwetzer, un die Leit dehte uns ah net heere.

* * *

"Nee," hab ich gansert, "ich hock do uf dem Schtuhl allrecht."

Dernoch hot sie gmehnt, "du kannscht mich net fun de Holzkischt runnerduh!"

Ich hab gsagt, sell deht zu viel rappler und die alte Leit kennte wacker werre. Sie hot dernoch gmehnt, sie kennt net schne, warum mir des Kohlöl for nicks verbrenner dehte, wo Saufleesch juscht $3.53 's Hunnert bringt, un hot mich gfrogt, for's Licht auszubloose.

Ich hab ihr gsagt, ich deht mich ferchter wanns dunkel is, do leicht en Maus oder en Ratt mich ins Beeh beisze kennt, un habs net geduh. Sie hot immer noch uf der Holzkischt ghockt un die Aage verdreht wie en verliebter Schofbock. Jedesmol wann sie mich ageglotzt hot, bin ich roth bis hinnig die Ohre worre un hab mich gschemmt, wie en Hund mit ehre Blechkann am Schwanz.

Mir hen about en halwe Schtund ken Wort mitnanner geschwetzt; mir hen aglange zu gahner un wie ich dann widder emol 's Maul ufgschperrt hab, hab ich gsehne, dasz ebbes an ihrer Scherz henkt un hab's ihrer gsagt.

"Jo," hot sie gmehnt, "'s is juscht en Fedder un es is en Wunner, dasz es net mehner sin, do ich doch der ganz Owert bei ehre Gans ghockt bin!"

Sell hot mich doch uf en Ort verzernt un ich hab gsagt, ich deht nau juscht about afange Heemweh zu kriege un miszt jetzt fort, do mir am neckschte morger butschere wette. Bei dere Zeit hot's drauszer gregert un ich hab schun in der Kich mei Scherm ufgschpannt, so dasz die Maad mir nix hot duh kenne, un hab "gut Nacht" gsagt. Sie hot awer ken Antwort gewe; ich hab awer doch gmehnt, ich het sie so ebbes was wie "Kamehl" gsaunt hot, sage here.

* * *

Ich wor noch sellem noch drei Mol driwer, awer die Misses Ferguson hot jedesmol gsagt, die Chrischtine wer net daheem. En Weil nochher hab ich ghert, dasz sie zu jemand gsagt het, ich war so langsam wie Malassig im Winter, so grien wie Gras und der gresicht Weschlapper im Settlement. En poor Munat nochdem hot sie ehns fum Meike Murphy seiner Buwe gheiert un is jetzt Mutter fun 13 Kinner un 8 Kinskinner.

Es wunscht dir dessehm:

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Sie sage als, die gscheite Kinner schterwe jung, des kummt awer wohrschents dohер, weil sie nix in der Sach zu sager hen. Anyhow, ich musz dir, eh ich mei Penn abwisch, noch en guter Tschook fun der Mildred verzehler.

Wie ich 's letscht Mol in der Neischtadt wor, hab ich en Box Saugeeners (Sardines) mit heemgebrunge. Nau, du egesecht, dasz der Sarah ihrer Vatter als am Rigelweg gschafft hot, un sie konsequently en gute Edjukeschen krikt hot. Bei jeder Opportunity explend sie der Mildred Sache, die sie noch net verschteht, ich mehn die Mildred.

Wie die Saugeeners uf em Disch gschtanne hen, hot die Sarah zu der Mildred gsagt, "die kleene Fisch were ebmols fun der grosze Fisch gekätscht un gfresse." Die Mildred hot die Sarah ihrer Wisdom juscht so eigsuckelt un dann awer uf emol gfrogt: "Awer Grandma, wie kenne dann die grosze Fisch die Baxe ufmache'"

Yours mit Gries, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, January 24, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

The other evening Danger, which is my dog, and I were sitting all alone in the house as Sarah and Mildred were over at Lizzie's to help to render lard. The wind howled like Sam Hill outside, the snow blew against the window panes so hard that a few that had been pasted shut with paper tore so that I had to stuff in some of Sarah's undarned stockings into the holes. I then threw a few more wood blocks into the kitchen stove and lay down in the rocking chair and reflected on my past life.

Among these memories my first experience during my courting days occurred to me and this I want to relate to you this evening. Since I don't want Sarah to find out about this, as she is still as jealous as an 18-year-old girl, and always begins to get excited, therefore send my Glocke this week in care of Louis' Hotel, since I have to go in any case to Neustadt coming Thursday with a load of cordwood.

* * *

Well, it happened this way. I was a handsome young fellow and had never gone with a girl, and had not even taken one for a drive.

"Well, Joe," my mom said to me one day, "you are almost 22 years old and should soon start looking for a wife. But I want to tell you one thing, bring home a clean and tidy girl and not such a dirty slop as Mike's wife."

I considered that point and came to the conclusion that mom was just about right.

Not far from us lived a Scotch family by the name of Ferguson. These people had a German maid whom I had seen a few times at the singing school, and on her I soon developed a crush. At that time I still didn't know a word of English, but that didn't keep me from making up my mind and taking a chance.

When I came into the Ferguson's house, Mrs. Ferguson immediately asked me: "Are you the new heiert (married) (confused in J. K.'s mind; she meant hired) man?"

"No," I said, "I am not yet a gheierter (married) man, but my mom wants me to look around for a clean-cut woman and get married (heier) as soon as possible."

The maid laugher so hard at that that the stovepipes rattled. She then introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and said that I should make myself comfortable and sit down.

The old people then sat at the table and peeled and quartered apples and the maid knitted. At about half-past eight the old people went off to bed. The maid put her knitting down too. I was sitting on a chair beside the stove and she on the woodbox.

* * *

Well, we prattled for a while about all kinds of things, until she said that I should sit beside her on the woodbox. Then we would not have to talk so loudly and the old people would also not hear us.

"No," I answered, "I am quite all right on the chair."

Then she said, "I bet you can't push me off the woodbox!"

I said that would make a commotion and might awaken the old people. Then she said she saw no reason why we should burn up coal oil for nothing when pork only fetches $3.53 a hundredweight, and asked me to blow out the light.

I told her that I'm scared in the dark as a mouse or rat could easily bite me in the leg, and I didn't do it. She still kept on sitting on the woodbox and rolled her eyes like a lovesick ram. Everytime she gaped at me I blushed from my chin to behind my ears, and I was as embarrassed as a dog with a tin can tied to his tail.

For about a half hour we didn't say a word to each other. We began to yawn and when I again opened my mouth, I noticed that something was hanging on her apron and I told her so.

"Yes," she said, "it is only a feather, and it is a marvel that there are not more of them, since I have been sitting the whole evening beside a goose!"

That remark did offend me a bit and I said that I was just about beginning to get homesick and I had to leave now, since we wanted to butcher the next morning. By that time it was raining outside, and I already put up my umbrella in the kitchen, so that the maid could do nothing to me, and said "good night." But she gave me no answer, but I thought however I had heard her saying something that sounded like "stupid fellow."

* * *

I went over after that three more times, but Mrs. Ferguson told me each time that Christine was not at home. A little while after I heard that she told somebody that I was as slow as molasses in winter, as green as grass and the biggest milksop in the settlement. A few months later, she married one of Mike Murphy's boys, and is now the mother of 13 children and eight grandchildren.

I wish you the same.

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—They often say that clever children die young. That probably stems from the fact that they have no say in the matter. Anyhow I must tell you, before I put my pen away, a good joke about Mildred.

When I was in Neustadt the last time I brought a box of Saugeeners (sardines) home with me. Well, you know, that Sarah's father used to work for the railroad, and she got a good education as a result. At every opportunity she explains things to Mildred, which she does not as yet understand — I mean Mildred.

When the Saugeeners were standing on the table, Sarah said to Mildred, "the small fish are often caught by the big fish and eaten by them." Mildred eagerly sucked up Sarah's wisdom, but then asked suddenly: "But Grandma, how can the big fish open the boxes!"

Yours with kind regards, J. K. Esq.

DOLLAR VOUCHERS to POLAND
and DUTY FREE PARCELS
through
PEKAO TRADING CO. (Canada) LTD.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. February 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Es ganz Haus schtinkt noch Gensfett; wo ma higuckt un hischpuckt lieger nix wie Federwisch, Gensknoche un Federe rum. So en Windfall fun gut Lock hab ich mei lewig Dags noch net ghat, un ich kann jetzt verschteh, wies ebber zu Muth is, der uf emol un axidently zu viel fun ehre gute Sach kriegt un net dazu gejuhst is.

Des is alles so gehäppend: Am letschter Freidag Owert hen ich, die Sarah un die Mildred so schee hinnig am warmer Offer in der Kich gsotze; die Sarah hot en nei Buch "10 Nights in a Bar Room" giese, die Mildred hot Gum gekaut un ich hab Duwack getschaht, als mir uf emol en hundsmässiger Schpecktakel gheert hen. Die Sarah is weis wie der Dod worre, die Mildred hot gekrische wie en gschtochene junge Sau, der Danger hot gwinzelt un der Schwanz zwische die Beh gepetzt, un ich bin in die Kammer gschprunge for mei dobbelleefige Schrotbicks zu holer.

* * *

Honk! Honk! Honk! hots gsaund, un der Lärm is fum Saugeen Rewer ruf kumme, wo hinnig mei Bauerei rumlaaft. Ich hab die Flint mit Bockschrot glade, die Ladern agschteckt un der Danger mitgumme for emol zu investigater. Es hot seller Nomidag en bissel gedaut ghat, un wie ich an der Rewer kumme bin, hab ich en Seiht gsehne, wie sie wenig menschlicher Aage vergennt is zu sehner.

Ich hab erscht gor net gscheit werre kenne was es wor: der ganz Rewer hot ausgeguckt, als ob weisze Weller druf wäre, un ich hab mir erscht en poor Mol die Aage griwe, for zu sehner, dasz ich net schlof, wie an der Chrischdag beim Heinrich, wie du mir im Drahm seller Belzkittel gschenkt hoscht. Ich hab der Hahner fun der Flint gschpannt un bin so langsam neeher higschnikt, un was denkscht Du, Mr. Glockemann, was ich gsehner hab?

Es wore anyhow zwee Millioner Wildgenz, die sich Nomidags uf des weech Eis ghockt hen for auszuruher, un nachts, wie sie widder hen fortflieger weller, all feschtgfrorer wore. Sie hen en Mordslerm gmacht for los zu were, was ihne awer net glunge is.

* * *

Ich bin jetzt dabber heem gschprunge un hab der Weibsleid verzehlt was los is. Mir hen dann about 50 Fruchtseck zsammer grafft un sin nunner an der Rewer for unser Wildgansernàt heemzuholer. Mir hen juscht die ganz fette Gens rausgepickt, die magere hen mir sitze losse un wie mir so about 356 Schtick in der Scheier ghat hen, bin ich mied wore un hab zu der Sarah gsagt, ich wott ins Schtettel for mehner Hilf zu holer, un sie un die Mildred sotte noch en poor Hunnert fun der fettschter rauspicke un heem schlepper.

Wie ich dann so about 12 Uhr nachts ins Schtettel kumme bin, wor schun alles zu, exsept in ehm Haus hot noch en Licht gebrennt. Ich hab geklobbt un wie die Diehr ufgange is, hab ich gsehner, dasz ken Mannskerl im Haus is, un juscht drei alde Meeds bei ehme kranke Kanarievogel gwacht hen. Die ehne hot mir awer die Diehr vor der Nas zugschlage un gkrischer:

"Ne, do rei kummscht net, du alde Saufnas, mach, dasz du fordkummscht!"

Wie ich dann widder zurick kumme bin, hen die Weibsleid noch so about 175 Gens heemgschleift ghat. Bei dere Zeit hots agfange zu regner un korz druf hen mir gheert, wie die iwrigebliwene Gens ufgfloge un fatt sin, so dasz mir sidder nix meh fun ihne gsehner hen.

* * *

Der neckscht Morger hen mir ehns fun denne Gens zum Parrer for en Presend gschickt, un agfange die annere zu butschere. Die ganz Weschlein hot voll dohte Wildgenz ghange, 's Schmokhaus, die Fruchtkammer un der Holzschopp wore voll dafu. Mir esse jetzt schun iwer en Woch nix wie Wildgens, so dasz sie afange mir aus em Hals rauszuwachser.

Die Sarah hot jetzt Fedderer schtatt Hoor uf der Zeh, un der Danger heilt wie en Kettehund, wenn ma ihm en Gensknoche hischmeiszt. Sogar die Sei, die doch sertenly kenn Koschtverechter sin, ziehe die Schnud in die Heeh un schpringer dofu, wann ma mit Gensfleesch kummt.

Do awer Wildgansfett die bescht Medizin uf dere Welt is, hen mir konkluded, die Gens auszubroter, 's Fett zu bottler un zu verkaafe. Zwische dir und mir, ma kann jo ah Saufett mitnei mickser, dann mach ich mehner Profit. Druck mir Labels for die Bottler und schick sie bei Return Mehl, so about wie des:

JOE KLOTZKOPP'S
SELEBRATED
WILDGANS - GENSFETT

en schure Kur for Krehaage, Schweining, Gehlsucht, Heaves, Schussbloderer, Distemper, Zahtweh, Peils, Hinkelporbler, eigwachsene Zehenegel, bloher Huschter, Warzer, Koppgrind, Kretz, Saufgichterer, sell teiert Fiehling, schteif Gnick, Bluttkepp, un alle annere Leidenschafter, die die menschlich un annere Families subjekt dozu sein.

Schittelt die Bottel, eh ihr sie juhst!
Beware of imitations.

Preis: Zwee Schilling die Bottel,
Cash im voraus.

Dohs.—En halwer Theeleffel voll alle halb Schtund in ehme Glas voll gutem Whiskey. Kinder — die Helft, akkording zu der Grehs.

Wann ich jetzt kenn reicher Mann wär, kann mir der gans Beddel gschtohler were. Awer Schpasz bei Seit: Es gibt nix besseres for Kinner wo agwachser sin, als wie Wildgansfett, Grundsaufett is net drin damit, so hot anyhow als mei Mam gsagt. Ma kanns innerwendig un auszerwendig juhser, un ma kann's kalt, hees oder warm saufe. Wanns die Kinner emol versucht hen, schnappe sie danoch wie en Gans noch ehme Abbelkrutzer.

Ich schick Dir en kleene Bottel voll, die kannscht Du mit em Schmalz verdehler. Er kann sei Schnauzbart damit wickser un Du dei blutter Schedel damit eischmierer. Ken Kur ken Pay, un wann die Hoor net widder wachser diehn, bischt juscht zwee Schilling aus.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

N.B. Wann die "Glock" die Woch net noch Gensfett schtinkt, dann setz ich vielleicht die Drinks uf es neckscht mol, wann Du noch der Neischtadt kummt. J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, February 1, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

The whole house smells of goose grease. Wherever you look or spit you see nothing lying about but feather dusters, goose bones and feathers. Such a windfall of good luck I haven't ever experienced, and I can now understand how someone feels who suddenly and accidentally gets so much of a good thing and is not used to it.

It all happened this way. Last Friday evening I, Sarah and Mildred were sitting comfortably behind the warm stove in the kitchen. Sarah was reading a new book, 10 Nights in a Bar Room, Mildred was chewing gum and I was chawing tobacco when we suddenly heard a terrific uproar. Sarah became as pale as death, Mildred screamed like a stuck pig, Danger (Joe's dog) whimpered and pinched his tail between his legs, and I jumped into the closet to get my double-barrelled shotgun.

Honk! Honk! Honk! it sounded, and the noise came up from the Saugeen River which runs behind my farm. I loaded the gun with buckshot, lit the lantern and took Danger along to investigate. It had thawed a bit that afternoon and when I got to the river I saw a sight such as few human eyes are ever privileged to behold.

* * *

At first I couldn't figure out what it was. The whole river looked as if covered by white waves, and I first rubbed my eyes a couple of times to make sure I wasn't sleeping as I was on Christmas day at Henry's, when you presented me with that fur coat in my dream. I cocked my gun and sneaked up more closely, and what do you think, Mister Glockemann, that I saw?

There were at least 2,000,000 wild geese which had perched themselves on the soft ice to rest up, and at night, when they wanted to fly away again, were frozen fast. They made a dreadful racket to free themselves, but were not successful.

I now quickly ran home and told the womenfolk what was up. We then grabbed 50 grain bags and went down to the river to bring home our wild goose harvest. We picked out only the quite fat geese, the scrawny ones we left sitting, and when we had about 365 in the barn, I became tired and said to Sarah I wanted to go to town to get more help, and that she and Mildred should pick out a few hundred more of the fattest ones and drag them home.

When I then got to town about 12 o'clock midnight, everything was already closed, except one house where a light was still burning. I knocked on the door and when it opened I saw that there was no man in the house, only three old maids who were sitting up with a sick canary. One of them slammed the door in my face and screamed:

"No, you won't get in here, you old drunken sot, go on, beat it!"

When I got back again the women had dragged in about 175 more geese. By that time it began to rain and soon after we heard the remaining geese fly up and away, so that we have not seen them again since.

* * *

The following morning we sent one of those geese to the preacher as a present, and began to butcher the rest. The whole washline was hanging full of dead geese, the smokehouse, the granary and the woodshed were also filled with them. For a whole week we have been eating nothing but wild goose, so that they are beginning to stick out of my crop.

Sarah now has feathers instead of hair on her teeth, and Danger yowls like a watch-dog when you throw him a goose bone. Even the pigs who certainly are not particular when it comes to food, stick their noses into the air and run away when you come with goose meat.

Since however goose oil is the best medicine in this world we decided to render the geese, bottle the grease and sell it. Between you and me, you can also mix lard with it, and then I can make more profit. Print labels for the bottles and send them to me by return mail, reading approximately as follows:

JOE KLOTZKOPP'S
CELEBRATED
WILD-GOOSE GOOSE GREASE

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Shake the bottle before using!
Beware of imitations.

Price: two shillings per bottle, cash in advance.

Dose: A half teaspoon every half hour in a glass full of good whiskey. Children — one-half the above, according to size.

If I don't become a rich man now then I don't care two straws for the whole business. But all joking aside, there is nothing better for grown-up children then wild goose grease. Groundhog grease doesn't hold a patch to it, anyway that's what mom used to say. You can use it internally and externally, and you can drink it cold, hot or warm. If the children have ever tasted it, they will go after it like a goose after an apple core.

I am sending you a little bottle full, you can share it with Mr. Schmalz. He can wax his moustache with it, and you can grease your bald pate with it. No cure, no pay, and if your hair doesn't grow again, you have lost only two bits.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB. If the Glocke doesn't smell like goose grease this week, then I may perhaps set up the drinks the next time you come to Neustadt. J. K. Esq.

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it from either extremity.

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 1. Februäry, 1912.

Mister Glockmann!

Es ganz Haus schtinkt noch Gensfett; wo ma higuckt un hischpuckt liegee nix wie Federwisch, Gensknoche un Federe rum. So en Windfall fun gud Lock hab ich mei lewig Dags noch net ghat, un ich kann jetzt verschteh, wies ebber zu Mut is der uf emol un äxidently zu viel fun ehre gute Sach kriegt un net dazu gejuhst is.

Des is alles so gehäppend: Am letschter Freidag Owert hen ich die Särah un die Mildred so schee hinnig am warmer Offer in der Kich gsotze; die Särah hot en nei Buch "10 Nights in a Bar Room" giese, die Mildred hot Gum gekaut un ich hab Duwack getschaht, als mir uf emol en hundsmäsziger Schpecktakel gheert hen. Die Särah is weis wie der Dod worre, die Mildred hot gekrische wie en gestochene junge Sau, der Danger hot gwinzelt un der Schwanz zwische die Beh gepetzt, un ich bin in die Kammer gschprunge for mei dobbelleefige Schrotbicks zu holer. Honk! Honk! Honk! hots gsaund, un der Lärm is fum Saugeen Rewer ruf kumme, wo hinnig mei Bauerei rumlaaft. Ich hab die Flint mit Bockschrot glade, die Ladern agschteckt un der Danger mitgnumme for emol zu investigeter. Es hot seller Nomidag en bissel gedaut ghat, un wie ich an der Rewer kumme bin, hab ich en Seiht gsehne, wie sie wenig menschlischer Aage vergennt is zu sehner. Ich hab erscht gor net gscheit were kenne was es wor: der ganz Rewer hot ausgeguckt, als ob weisse Weller druf wäre, un ich hab mir erscht en poor Mol die Aage griwe, for zu sehner, dasz ich net schlof, wie an der Chrischdag beim Heinrich, wie du mir im Drahm seller Beikittel gschenkt hoscht. Ich hab der Hahner fun der Flint gschpannt un bin so langsam neeher higschnikt, un was denkscht Du, Mr. Glockmann, was ich gsehner hab? Es wore änyhow zwee Millioner Wildgens, die sich Nomidags uf des weech Eis gehockt hen for auszuruher, un nachts, wie sie widder hen fortflieger weller, all feschtgfrorer wore. Sie hen en Mordslerm gmacht for los zu were, was ihne awer net glunge is.

Ich bin jetzt dabber heem gahrunge un hab der Weibsleid verzehlt was los is. Mir hen dann about 50 Fruchtseck zsammer grafft un sin nunner an der Rewer for unser Wildgansernöt heemzuholer. Mir hen jusch die ganz fette Gens rausgepickt, die magere hen mir sitze losse un wie mir so about 365 Schtick in der Scheier ghat hen, bin ich mied wore un hab zu der Särah gsagt, ich wott ins Schtettel for mehner Hilf zu holer, un sie un die Mildred sotte noch en poor Hunnert fun der fettschter rauspicke un heem schlepper.

Wie ich dann so about 12 Uhr nachts ins Schtettel kumme bin, wor schun alles zu, exsept in ehm Haus hot noch en Licht gebrennt. Ich hab geklobbt un wie die Diehr ufgange is, hab ich gsehner, dasz ken Mannsker im Haus is, un jusch drei alde Meeds bei ehme Kanarievogel gwacht hen. Die ehnt hot mir awer die Diehr vor der Nas zugschlage un gkrischer: "Ne, do rei kummscht net, du alde Saufnas, mach, dasz du fordkummscht!"

Wie ich dann widder zurick kumme bin, hen die Weibsleid noch so about 175 Gens heemgehleft ghat. Bei dere Zeit hots agfange zu regner un korz druf hen mir gheert, wie die zwriggebliwene Gens ufgfloge un fatt sin, so dasz mir sidder nix meeh fun ihne gsehner hen. Der neckscht Morger hen mir ehns fun denne Gens zum Parrer for en Presend gschickt, un agfange die annere zu butscherer. Die ganz Weschlein hot voll dohte Wildgens ghange, 's Schmokhaus, die Fruchtkammer un der Holzschopp were voll dafu. Mir esse jetzt schun iwer en Woch nix wie Wildgens, so dasz sie afange mir aus em Hals rauszuwachser. Die Särah hot jetzt Fedderer schott Hoor uf der Zeh, un der Danger heilt wie en Kettehund, wenn ma ihm en Gensknoche hischmeiszt. Sogor die Sei, die doch sertenly kenn Koschtverechter sin, ziehe die Schnud in die Heeh un schpringer dofu, wann ma mit Gensfleesch kummt.

Do awer Wildgansfett die bescht Medizin uf dere Welt is, hen mir konkluded, die Gens auszubrote, 's Fett zu bottler un zu verkaufe. Zwische dir un mir, ma kann jo ah Saufett mitnei mickser, dann mach ich mehner Profit. Druck mir Labels for die Bottler und schick sie bei Return Mehl, so about wie des:

Joe Klotzkopps
selebreted
WILDGANS - GENSFETT

en schure Kur for Krehaage, Schweining, Gehlsucht, Heaves, Schuszbloderer, Distemper, Zahweh, Peils, Hinkelporbier, eigwachsene Zehenegel, bloher Huschter, Warzer, Koppgrind, Kretz, Saufgichterer, sell teiert Fieling, schteif Gnick, Bluttkepp, un alle annere Leidenschaffter, die die menschlich un annere Fämilis subjekt dozu sein:

Schittelt die Bottel, eb ihr sie juhst!

Beware of imitations.

Preis: Zwee Schilling die Bottel, Cash im voraus.

Dohs:—En halwer Theeleffel voll alle halb Schtund in ehme Glas voll gutem Whisky. Kinder—die Helft akkording zu der Grehs.

Wann ich jetzt kenn reicher Mann wär, kann mir der ganz Beddel geschohler were. Awer Schpasz bei Seit: Es gebt nix besseres for Kinner wo agwachser sin, als wie Wildgansfett, Grundsaufett is net drin damit, so hot änyhow als mei Mäm gsagt. Ma kanns innerwendig un auszerwendig juhser, un ma kann 's kalt, heesz oder warm saufe. Wanns die Kinner emol versucht hen, schnappe sie danoch wie en Gans noch ehme Abbelkrutzer. Ich schick Dir en kleene Bottel voll, die kannscht Du mit em Schmalz verdehler. Er kann sei Schnauzbart damit wickser un Du dei blutter Schedel damit äischmierer. Ken Kur ken Pay, un wann die Hoor net widder wachser diehn, bischt jusch zwee Schilling aus.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N.B.—Wann die "Glock" die Woch net noch Gensfett schtinkt, dann setz ich vielleicht die Drinks uf es neckscht mol, wann Du noch der Neischtadt kummscht.

J. K. Esq.

PUP BOARDS WITH UNCLE SAM

"C. O. D." is the name of this Boston bull puppy, and "C. O. D." is being held at the Chicago post office because the man to whom it was mailed from Bellevue, Ia., refused to pay the $25 charges on it. The government must hold such packages for six months—but there is no law that provides funds for feeding uncollected mail. Miss Kathryn Sullivan of the Chicago post office made friends with "C. O. D." immediately.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 4. März, 1912, wo reikumme is wie en Leeb, un der hoffentlich so viel kammen Sens hawe werd, wie en Schof naus zu geh.

Mister Glockemann!

Juscht um die Zeit zu killer, hab ich gmehnt, ich wott Dir widder en poor Leins drapper. Mir hen do howe rum in letschter Zeit ferchterlich kalt Wetter ghat. In Fakt, ich kann net rimemberer, jemols so en Kelt expierienst zu hawe. Am mehnschte hab ich an die Ohre gefrore, un no matter was ich browirt hab, for sie warm zu halte, es wor alles for die Katz. Wer sich awer net zu helfer wees, dem is ah net zu rothe, hot als am Grundsaujerg sei Schwiegermutter gsagt, wie sie noch glebt hot.

Im letschter Summer is unser alde Kuh, die Blesz, verreckt, un do hab ich ihr die Ohre abgschnitte un sie ans Scheierdohr gnagelt for drucker zu werre. Wie 's dann letscht Woch so unner allem Schinner kalt wor, hab ich die Kuhohre abgnumme un sie iwer mei eegene Ohre gschtrippt, un wehr sie sidder Dag un Nacht.

I tell you what, Mr. Glockemann, es geht nix iwer Kamfort. Hoscht Du ebmols schun Kuhohre gwore? Wann net, dann browier's emol, des heeszt, wann Du sie grosz un lang genug kriege kannscht.

In meiner letschter Korreschpondenz hab ich Dir gschriwe, dasz die Schtimme an meiner Akkordion, die ich mit noch Allan Park gnumme hab, all eigfrorer werre un sidder noch net ufgedaut hen wäre kenne. Well, die anner Nacht hab ich die Akkordion newig der Kicheoffe gliegt, well ich am neckschte Owert driwer beim lahme Hengschtdreiwer uf ehre Schprie hab schpieler solle. So um about 4 Uhr morgerts hot die Sarah mir en Kick ins Kreitz gewe, dasz ich halbwegs in die Kammer gfloge bin un gmehnt hab, der Blitz het eigschlage.

* * *

"Was der Bettel is dann schun widder los," hab ich gekrische.

Dodruf brillt die Sarah: "So schur wie ich leb, es is ebber in der Kich, oder es schpuckt im Haus!"

Bei dere Zeit hab ich mei zwetter Wind gekatscht un heer, wie ebber die Akkordion in der Kich schpielt. Ich hab schnell 's Inschlichlicht agschteckt, mei Flint runnergholt un bin dann naus. Ich hab awer ken Mensch gsehne, obglei die Akkordion immer fat weiter gschpielt hot.

Uf emol is mir en Seefesieder ufgange: Die Schtimme sin bei der Hitz widder ufgedaut und hen den Solo gschpielt, wo ich seller Owert in Allan Park hab gewe weller, un den ich, eb ich fun daheem fatgschtart bin, noch emol im Holzschobb bei derer Kriminalskelt gepricktest hab. Es is doch merikwerdig, was net alles uf dere Welt happener kann!

Das mir bei dere Kelt en Unglick bassiert is, wo arig sirious het austurner kenne, hot dei Korreschpondent ah net geschriwer. Des is so kumme:

Der anner Morger bin ich noch form heller Dagslicht ufgschtanne, um's Feier im Offe zu schtarte, un do 's so jemerlich kalt in der Kich wor, hab ich mich uf der Offe ghockt, um warm zu werre, un bin dodobei eigschlofe; wie ich dann iwer en Weil suddenly un bletzlich ufwach, hab ich gliehlt, dasz der ganz Sitz fun meiner Hosse verbrennt wor. Ich hab glei Wildgansgensfett mit Schnaps gnumme, so dasz es jetzt widder so gut geht, wie unner der Sirkumstanzes inschpeckt werre kann.

Ah an der 25. Con. wor's letscht Sundag so kalt, dasz am Bohnerkreitelsepp sei Molly die Melodion in der Kerch net hot schpieler kenne, weil der Blosbalk oder so ebbes eigfrorer wor. Si hen sie, ich mehn die Melodion un net die Molly, zum Schmidt ins Schtettel gnumme, um sie ausnanner zu nemmer un sehne, was letz is un was geduh werre kann.

* * *

Wie am Katzerjammeraugusch sei Frah driwer in Bentinck vor en poor Dag zurick der Schtall ausgemischt hot, hot sie en Kalt in die Bruscht gekatscht un huscht und gautzt jetzt, dasz ma 's en halb Meil weit heere kann. Alle sage ihr, dasz sie die Auszehrung hot, un des is ah mei Opinion. Es geht nix driwer der Leit die Worret zu sage.

Es eenzig Ding, was sie safer kennt, wer en Bottel voll fun meim Wildgansgensfett. Preis juscht 25 Cts. in Aedvanz, mit gutem aldem Schnaps. Um des zu kaafe, is awer der Augusht zu geizig, un er denkt net drah, dasz die Funeral-Expenses en ganz Dehl deirer kumme kennte.

Vorgeschter hot die Sarah ihrer Gebordsdag geselebreted. Der wiefiehlt, geht Dich nix ah. Ich hab ihr fun der Neischtadt en nei Weschboard un en por Schtobnodler for en Present gebrunge, was sie sertenly arig gebliest hot. Owerts, noch em Nachtesse, hab ich mei Akkordion gholt un des schee Lied gsunge, noch der Melodie: "Darling, I Am Growing Old."

Sarah, ach ich werr jetzt ald,
Un mei Schedel, der werd bahld,
Un ah du bischt net so fahr,
Wie en junger Backfisch mehr.
Doch mei Herz is jung gebliewe,
Gans for dich es schlage dubt,
Selbscht als alte Schachtel liewe
Du ich dich mit Jugend-Gluth.

Darling, heit uff deinem Kopp,
Tragscht du schun en falsche Zopp,
Dafor awer kann ich sein
Hoore wachse uff dei Zehn;
Doch des is mir alles worschtig,
Darling, werd dei Gsicht ah ald,
Sin ah deine Lippe borschtig,
Werd dei Herz doch niemals kalt.

Sarah, mir sin beede ald,
Du bischt groh und ich bin bahld,
Doch in unser's Lebens Lauf
Heert die Liewe nie net auf;
An mei Herz will ich dich dricke,
Sarah, bis zu dem Moment,
Wo mir emol den Bucket kicke,
Bis an unser selig End.

Dodruf hi hot die ald Schneegans agfange zu heiler wie en Schlosshund; sie is mir for en Fakt um der Hals gfalle un hot mich bluttkeppiger Esel geboszt wie vor about 50 Johr zurick. Ich hab awer doch genotist, dasz ihrer Adem widder noch "Juchtelfuchtel" gschtunke hot.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Was is dann der Schmalz egentlich for en Kerl? Er hot mir die 12½ Cent for die Halbbottelvoll Wildsgansgensfett noch net g'schickt. Sei Mosdisch kann er awer domit wickse, bis er schteckeschteif hiwer un driwer nausschteht; an's bezahler scheint er awer net zu denke.

Sag ihm, wann ich des Geld net inseit fun sechs Munat krieg kann er die Policy uf mei Schofschtall auskratzer. Dei Akkaunt for die annere 12½ Cent hab ich an der Schornschtee gschriwe, do niemand do howe rum rimebere kann, dasz du jemols dei Schulde bezahlt hoscht, un ich besser het wisse solle, wie Dir Kredit zu gewe.

Mit keind Regards
Yours etzettere, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, March 4, 1912.
which came in like a lion and I hope has the common sense to go out like a lamb.

Mister Glockemann:

Just to kill time I thought I would drop you a few lines again. We have had furiously cold weather up here lately. In fact I cannot remember ever to have experienced such frigidity. My ears were the coldest of all, and no matter how I tried to keep them warm, it was all to no avail. But he that will not be counselled, cannot be helped, Groundhog George's mother-in-law used to say, when she was still alive.

Last summer our old cow, Spotty, kicked the bucket, so I cut off her ears and nailed them to the barn door to dry. When it was so confounded cold last week, I took down the cow's ears and stripped them over my own ears, and am wearing them day and night since then.

I tell you what, Mister Glockemann, nothing can beat comfort. Did you ever in your life wear cow's ears? If you haven't, then give it a try, that is, if you can get any that are wide and long enough.

* * *

In my last letter I wrote you that the reeds of my accordion, which I had taken along to Allan Park, got all frozen up, and I haven't been able to unthaw them since then. Well, the other night I laid the accordion beside the kitchen stove, because I was supposed to play the following evening at a spree at the Lame Stallionbriver's place. Around about 4 o'clock in the morning Sarah gave me a kick in the back, so that I flew halfway into the room, and thought that lightning had struck.

"What in thunderation is up again!" I screamed.

Thereupon Sarah yelled: "As sure as I am alive, there is somebody in the kitchen, or there is a ghost in the house!"

By this time I had caught my second wind and heard how someone was playing the accordion in the kitchen. I quickly lit the wax candle, got my gun and went out. But I didn't see anyone, although the accordion continued to play on.

Suddenly it dawned on me: the keys had thawed out in the heat and were playing the solo which I wanted to perform that evening in Allan Park, and which I, before I started off from home, had practiced once more in this murderous cold in the woodshed. It is simply astounding what things can happen in this world!

That a piece of bad luck befell me in this cold weather, which could have turned out very seriously, was not reported by your correspondent. It happened in this way.

The other morning I got up before daybreak to start fire in the stove and, since it was so bitterly cold in the kitchen, I sat down on the stove to warm myself and fell asleep. When I, after a while, awoke suddenly and abruptly I felt that the whole seat of my pants was burned up. I immediately took wild goose grease with whisky, so that I am again as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

* * *

Also on Concession 25 it was so cold last Sunday that Beanstalk Joe's Molly could not play the reed organ because the bellows, or something like that, were frozen up. They then took it, I mean the reed organ and not Molly, to the blacksmith in town to take it apart to see what was wrong and what can be done.

When Seedy August's wife over in Bentinck was cleaning out the manure in the stable a few days ago, she got such a bad chest cold that she now coughs and barks that you can hear it for half a mile. Everyone tells her that she has consumption, and that is my opinion too. Nothing surpasses telling people the truth.

The only thing that can save her would be a bottle of my wild goose grease — price just 25 cents in advance — with good old whisky. But August is too stingy to buy it, and he doesn't realize that the funeral expenses could come a great deal higher than that.

Sarah celebrated her birthday the day before yesterday. Which birthday is none of your business. I brought her a new washboard and a few darning needles from Neustadt as a present, with which she was certainly greatly pleased. In the evening after supper I got my accordion and sang the following beautiful song according to the melody Darling, I Am Growing Old.

Sarah, I am growing old,
A hairless skull you'll soon behold;
And you too are not so fair,
As a flapper you once were.
But my heart is youthful still,
It beats for you and you alone;
Even though a hag, I will,
Love you as I've always done.

Darling, now upon your pate
You must wear a big false plait;
But for that, as I do know,
On your teeth the hair does grow.
But that's all the same to me,
Darling, if your face grows old,
And your lips may bristly be,
It's your heart that never grows cold.

Sarah, time has flown away,
I am bald and you are gray;
In the course of this our life,
Love will always shut out strife.
To my bosom let me press you,
Sarah, to the very last,
When the reaper says: you're through!
Till our happy life is past.

After that the old goose began to cry like a watch-dog. She actually fell on my neck and kissed me bald-headed old donkey as she used to about 50 years ago. But I did notice that her breath reeked of "rotgut" again.

I wish you the same.
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—What kind of a fellow is that Schmalz? He hasn't sent me the 12½ cents for the half-bottle of wild-goose goosegrease. But he waxes his moustache with it until it stands as stiff as a ramrod to right and left. But he doesn't seem to think of paying for it.

Tell him that if he doesn't send me the money inside of six months, he can cancel the policy on my sheep stable. I have given up your account for the other 12½ cents as a bad debt, since nobody, hereabouts can remember that you ever paid your debts, and I should have known better than to give you credit.

With kind regards, J. K. Esq.

FAST DEPENDABLE
Dry Cleaning — Shirt Laundering
JESSOP'S speedy cleaners
MERLIN
Heritage Galleries

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 19. März 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Ich duh sidder ehre Woch die Teim of mei Leif nei, un dorum ruf ich Dir zuerscht en Glory Hallelujah zu. Fall mir juscht net glei for Aestonischment fun deiner Bank runner, wann ich Dir die Partikulars verzehl.

Was sagscht Du dodozu, ich bin jetzt, sidder mir gheiert sin, zum erschter Mol Baas daheem. Ich fihr alleweil 's grosz Word un die Särah musz 's Maul halter. Gell, des hetscht ah net for passibel ghalte? Do kannscht widder emol sehne, wie ma ebmols mischteken sei kann."

* * *

Unner uns gsagt, ich hab des jo selwert net geglabt und lang werd die Herrlichkeet jo ah net dauere, aber schee un blesirlich is es doch, wann ma for en Fakt werklich emol Baas in seiner eegener Shanty sei kann un net zu ferchter braucht, dasz ehm die Ald jede Minut iwer's Maul fahre kann.

Dò gebt's kenn Gekrisch net un kenn Heistericks, un kenn Gezank un kenn giftiges Gefrog beim Breckfescht, was ich so schpät widder in der Neischtadt gedriwer hab; wie viel Schnaps ich gsoffe hab; ob ich widder bei seller rothhooriger Wittfrah wor, um ihr Holz zu schplitter; ob der Knecht mich ins Nescht hot schleefe müsse; ob ich kenn Bottel voll Dillpickels un en Kannvoll schwarzer Zigorekaffee wett, un mei Brummschedel un Katzejammer zu kurirer, usw., usw., too numerous to menschon.

All so saudummes Gefrog gebt's alleweil net bei mir im Haus, do die Särah kenn Ton fun sich gewe kann. En bissel unjehsig fiehl ich awer ànihau, do, wann alles des, was die Särah inseit fun sich kollekter duht, emol zu ehre Exploschun kummt, dann gebt's so en ferchterliches Erdbewe, wie 's Township Normanby noch niemols expiriensi hot, un lang werd die Bisnesz net uf sich worte losse. Die schepp Kathrine, wo der Särah for Heiserkeit un gschwollenem Hals brauche duht, hot mir heit Morge gsagt:

"Mr. Klotzkopp, machen eich uf's schlimmste gfaszt, lang werd's bei der Särah nimme daurer, noch en poor Dag dann is sie . . . widder so gesund wie der Fisch im Wasser, un ma kann sie, for alles in der Welt, net meh fum Schwetze schtoppe."

* * *

Des, Mr. Glockemann, werd mir en scheener Zungegalopp gewe, un der blos Gedanke drah gebt mir schun die Tschills un en schteif Gnick. Ma soll awer der D . . . net an die Wand moler, un 's Unglick net halbwegs miethe; kumme duhts jo doch, suner oder leder.

Mei Wildgansgensfett-Bisnesz is soweit en groszer Socksesz. Fun alliwerall kumme Orders un Testimonials. Heit Owert hot die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aelschte is, en Brief fun der Poscht-Affis gbrunge, den ich domit for Poblikeschun enklohs un den Du abdrucke kannscht:

Vielnöthig, Sassafrasz Co., Man.,
4 Martsch 1912.

Mr. Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.
Proprietor fun Joe Klotzkopps selebrated Wildgans-Gensfett,
Neischtadt, Ont.

Diehr Sir un Benefaktor der Menschheit!

Vor 14 Johr bin ich mit meim linkser Hinnerbeeh in ehre Dreschmaschin kumme; was for en Grotsch die Dreschmachin gege mei Beeh ghat hot, weesz ich heit noch net. Aenihau, die Doktor henn's iwwerzwerg abgsegt un sidder sellem hab ich immer Schmerze un Pehn ghat in dem Schtumber, wo sie noch hen schteh losse.

Ich hab mir fun 5 alde Weiwer Symbadie brauche losse, un hab 7 Mensche- un 3 Geilsdoktor insultet, es wor awer alles Geldszumfenschternausgschmisse, bis ich fun deim Wildgans-Gensfett in der "Glock" glese hab. Ich juhs jetzt die 6. Bottelvoll un musz zu meim groszer Aestonischment sage, dasz die Schmerze net allenig kamplietly gahn sin, sondern dasz a MEI BEEH WIDDER AFANGT ZU WACHSE, SO ABOUT EN FERTEL ZOLL DER DAG.

Schick mir bei Ritorn-Mehl noch about 12 Bottler voll un ich bin schur, dasz wann die all gejuhst sin, mei Beeh widder ganz ausgwachse is.

Yours mit Thanks
SEBASTIAN KUDDELFLECK, JR.

Was sagscht Du dodozu, Mister Glockemann? Is es net merikwerdig, was die Nadur net all for Remidis in Wildgans-Gensfett verschteckelt hot? Es musz juscht fun uns Mensche, zu denne ah ich belang, ausgediftelt werre. Schreib noch unner den Brief, dasz Wildgans-Gensfett net in der Drogschtors zu hawe is, un ma kann 's juscht fun mir, em Tscheneral-Proprietor un Inventor, Box 4832, Neischtadt, kriege.

In Futscher awer chärge ich 50 Cent die Bottelvoll, sell sott's enigerweg werd sei, wann ma in Konsidereschun nemmt, was 's net alles duh kann. Sogar for Wanze aus der Bettlade zu verdreiwer gebts nix besseres, wie die Särah kerzlich, wie sie noch hot schwetze kenne, gsagt hot.

* * *

Ehns fun meiner Kehses, wo ich ghat hab, is awer net so abbadig gut ausgeturnd: Wie ich vor zwee Woche in Hanover wor, hab ich die roth Chrischtine, am Blutworschtnatz sei Frah, uf der Schtrosz gemieht, die ihrer groszer alter Hahner unnig am Arm ghat hot. Wie ich sie gfrogt hab, wo sie dann mit dem Vieh hi wott, hot sie gsagt:

"Ich will zum Watschemacher. Der Hahner hot als friher immer um 5 Uhr morgerts zu krähe agfange un jetzt kreht er erscht um 6 Uhr; ich will doch emol sehne, ob der Watschemacher des net fixe kann."

Ich hab der Chrischtine gsagt, des wer net nessisory; alles was sie zu duh breicht, wer dem Hahner so um about 11 Uhr nachts en halwer Theeloffel voll Wildgans-Gensfett in ehme halwe Glas voll Schnaps zu gewe, dann deht er widder allreid werre.

Sie hot's gduh, un wie ich heer, hot des Luder dann die ganz Nacht gekreht, so dasz niemand in der gans Nochbarschaft hot schlofe kenne, un sie ihm der Kopp hen abhacke misse.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neustadt, March 19, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

For a week I have been putting in the time of my life, and for that reason I am right at the beginning saluting you with a "glory hallelujah." Don't fall off your bench in astonishment when I tell you the reasons why.

What do you say to this: I am now, for the first time since we are married, boss at home. At the moment I have the final word, and Sarah has to keep her mouth shut. Well, I suppose that you certainly would not have thought that possible? Here you can see again how we can sometimes make a mistake.

Between us, I did not believe it myself, and the glory will surely also not last, but it is beautiful and pleasurable, nevertheless, if you can for a fact actually be boss again in your own shanty, and don't have to be afraid, that your old lady will snap at you every minute.

* * *

There is no shouting and no hysterics, no scolding and no malicious questioning at the breakfast table about what I was up to so late in Neustadt; how much whisky I consumed; whether I visited that red-haired widow again to split her wood for her; whether the hired man had to drag me to bed; whether I didn't want a bottle of dill pickles, and a jug of black chicory coffee, to cure my headache caused by drinking and my hangover, etc., etc., too numerous to mention.

All such abysmally stupid questioning is absent from my house, because Sarah cannot emit a sound. Nevertheless I feel a bit uneasy when all that which Sarah is collecting within herself comes to the exploding point, then there will be such a terrible earthquake as Normanby Township has never experienced. I have the feeling that it will come soon. Crooked Kate, who is charming for Sarah's hoarseness and her swollen throat, told me this morning:

"Mr. Klotzkopp, be prepared for the worst, it won't last long any more with Sarah, just a few more days and she will be . . . as healthy as a fish in water, and you can't stop her from blabbering at all costs."

That, Mister Glockemann, will turn into a nice tongue gallop, and the mere thought of it already gives me the chills and a stiff neck. But you should not talk of the devil if you don't want him to appear, and not meet bad luck halfway — it will come anyhow sooner or later.

* * *

My wild-goose goose-grease business is up to now a tremendous success. From everywhere come orders and testimonials. This evening our Mildred, the eldest daughter of my Lizzie, brought a letter from the post office which I herewith enclose for publication and which you may copy:

Poorville, Sassafras County, Manitoba
March 4, 1912

Mr. Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.
Proprietor of Joe Klotzkopp's celebrated
wild-goose goose grease,
Neustadt, Ontario.

Dear Sir and Benefactor of Humanity:

Fourteen years ago I got into a threshing machine with my left hind leg. What kind of a grudge the threshing machine had against my leg I still don't know today. Anyhow the doctors cut it off crosswise, and since then I have always had aches and pain in the stump which they left standing.

I have had myself charmed with sympathy by five old women, and consulted seven medical men and three veterinarians, but it was all a waste of money, until I read about your wild-goose goose grease in the Glocke. I am now using the sixth bottle, and must report to my great astonishment, that not only are the pains completely gone, but also that MY LEG IS BEGINNING TO GROW AGAIN, ABOUT ONE-QUARTER INCH PER DAY.

Send me by return mail about 12 more bottles and I am sure that when those are all used up, my leg will be completely grown in again.

Yours with thanks,
SEBASTIAN TRIPE, JR.

What do you say to that, Mister Glockemann? Is it not remarkable which remedies are not all hidden in wild-goose goose grease? It simply is a matter of grubbing it out by us humans, to which I also belong. Write under the letter that wild-goose goosegrease is not available in drug stores and you can only get it from me, the general proprietor and inventor, Box 4832, Neustadt.

In future I am going to charge 50 cents per bottle in any case it should be worth that, if you take in consideration what wide application it has. There is nothing better to dislodge bedbugs from the bedstead, as Sarah said a short while ago when she could still talk.

* * *

One of my cases that I had, however, did not turn out particularly well. When I was in Hanover two weeks ago, I met red Christine, Bloodsausage Nat's wife, on the street, with her big old rooster under her arm. When I asked her where she was going with the animal, she said:

"I want to go to the watchmaker. The rooster always began to crow at 5 o'clock in the morning, and now he doesn't crow until 6 o'clock. I want to see if the watchmaker can't fix that."

I told Christine that that wasn't necessary. All that she needed to do was to give the rooster a half teaspoon of wild-goose goose grease in a half glass of whisky around 11 o'clock at night, then he would soon be all right again.

She did it, and as I hear, the scoundrel crowed all night, so that no one in the whole neighborhood was able to sleep, and that they had to chop its head off.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

LEASE A Brand New

Publish Date: 13 Apr 1912

Reprint Date: 18 Feb 1967

Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 13. April 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab kerzlich so viel Brief fun Bluttkepp for mei Wildgansgensfett kriegt, dasz ich konkluded hab, es zum Nutze un Aedwantetsch fun der bluttkeppige Menschheit un mir selwert, in aller deitsche Settelments zu peddler. Wie ich der Sarah fun meiner Eldie gsagt hab, hot sie gmehnt:

"Du alts Kamehl machscht mir en scheener Agent for en Hoormittel; wann die Leit dei blutter un kahler Schedel sehne, werre sie nix meh fun deiner Schmier wusse welle, un werre dich froge, warum du 's net selwert juhse duscht!"

"Sarah," hab ich gsagt, "mei blutter Schedel is die bescht Aedverteisment for mei Wildgansgensfett-Hoormittel, wo ich hawe kennt. Ich sag der Leit efach, dasz alle Bluttkepp, wo 's net juhse diehn, so ausgucke wie ich. Wann ich 's juhse sott, un 's mir helfe deht, kennt jeder kumme un mir die Hoor robbe un zowoler um auszufinner, ob sie ah echt sin. Biseids, wann die Bienesz gut geh sott, kauf ich dir en Automobil un en nei Parasahl, un dann fahre mir als Sundags unnernaus noch Berlin zum Glockemann, un esse bei ihm Zmiddag un Znacht un ritourne dann widder Owerts beim Mundschein."

Gege des Argument hot sie net ufkumme kenne un sie hot mich dann noch der Neischtadt geh losse, um leere Sodawasserbottle beim Loui und Heinrich for mei Hoor-Remedy zu hole.

* * *

Eb ich die alt Fan agschpannt hab, hab ich der Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aeltschte is, gsagt:

"Mildred, basz mir jetzt jusch schee uf die Grandmah uf, wann ich fat bin un seh, dasz sie kenn Kalt katscht. Sag ihr, dasz sie 's Maul zuhalt, wann sie naus geht. Am beschte wars, wann sie sich en kleener Schlitz in der Unnerlipp mache losse deht, dann kennt sie sich mit seller groszer Wortz, wo sie fanner uf der Nas hocke hot, 's Maul als zukneppe."

Dodruf hot die klee Krot die Zung gege mich ausgschtreckt un gsagt: "Schehm on you, Grandpah."

Uf em Weg noch der Neischtadt hab ich so driwer nochgedenkt, was die Kinner doch heit for Aedwantetsches hen gege uns Alte, wo im Busch grehst worre sin. Do wor ich kerzlich in der Kerich, wo die Kinner gexamint worre sin, un des wor dir doch en helle Bracht, wie sie die Questschuns fum Parrer so schee geansert hen.

Dodobei is mir en Examineschun in der Chrischtelehr for about 60 Johr eigfalle, wo der Brediger als in die Schul kumme is, fun dere ich dir for Exampel en Beischpiel gewe will:

Brediger: "Meik, henn mir dann im Chrischtethum Gebote?"

Meik: "Tubischur hen mir."

Brediger: "Recht Meik, wie viel henn mir dann?"

Meik, en brafer Buh, der schun manch Klofter Holz gmacht hot, kratzt sich hinnig der Ohre un sagt: "In Fakt sell wees ich nimme."

Johnnie, weescht du 's?"

Der Johnnie schweigt awer.

"Joel, du weeschts; ich wees, du dusch."

Joel brummt: "Nee!"

Tietscher: "Ketti, du bischt en schmart Medel, du weescht 's besser wie die Buwe, sag du's."

* * *

Die Ketti awer fangt ah zu heiler un sagt: "Mei Mam wees 's a net."

Do ruft der Johnnie laut un herzhaft: "Ich wees es, mir hen 12."

Tietschter: "Falsch; Retschel, was hot der Johnnie im Kopp, dasz er jusch 12 sagt?"

Retschel: "Ich glaab, die 4 Evangelischter."

Tietscher: "Es is doch en Jammer, dasz ihr des vergesse hent, 10 Gebote hen mir, jusch so viel als wie mir Finger hen, nau behalt's."

Tietscher: "Lisbeth, sag du des ersch Gebot."

Die Lisbeth is schtumm.

Tietscher: "Pit, sag du 's."

Pit: "Ich kanns net recht schpeller."

Tietscher: "Jimmy du."

Jimmy wee 's un rappelt in ehm Odemzug runner.

Tietscher: "Guck, der klee Keip wees 's, un ihr sotte eich arig schemme. Wer hot dann die Gebote gmacht?"

All sin ruhig. Endlich ruft die Ketti: "Der Keenig Pharao."

Tietscher: "Du bischt jucht dabei, Moses hot er gheesze. O Kinner, sell is schreckiich lang her, ken Mensch wees wie lang. Awer was hab ich eich emol gsagt, was mer net abete sott?"

En Poor rufe: "Ken Gotze."

Tietscher: "Recht so, kenn Gotze. Awer Philip, du do, sag, was is a Gotz?"

Philip: "Ich wees net, ich denk des sin Gotze."

Tietscher: "Korrekt, awer du Mary, sag du's."

Die Mary is ruhig.

Tietscher: "Henry, ich denk du hoscht's behalte, — holzige Ding - Ding-Dinger."

Henry ruft: "Holzige Dinger, die ma abet."

Der Tietscher, arig gebliest: "Recht so!"

"Nau sagt's all zusamme, dasz ihr's net vergesst."

Die Kinner all ehschtimmig: "Holzige Dinger, die mir abete."

Tietscher: "Bete mir Chrischte ah holzige Dinger a?"

Alle: "Ne! Nee!"

Tietscher: "Wer bet sie a?"

Do ruft en kleener Buh: "Die Jude!"

Tietscher: "Du bischt misteken; was bete die Jude a?"

Der sehm klee Buh: "Die Kelwer."

* * *

Tietscher: "Juscht net grad die Kelwer, awer 's goldige Kalb. Nau sag Tom, wie heese die Leit, die holzige und schteenige Dinger abete?"

Tom: "Ich kann's net sage."

Tietscher: "Kenne die Gotze schwetze?"

Alle: "Nee!"

Tietscher: "Warum schwetze sie net? Tscheck, ich denk du weescht's."

Tscheck: "Ich denk sie hen ken Maul."

Tietscher: "Forschtret, di hen ken Maul. Nau sagt's all zusamme!"

Alle: "Sie hen ken Maul!"

Tietscher: "Falsch, ihr misst nau sage: Gotze kenne net schwetze, sie hen ken Maul."

All in Chor, dasz die Fenschterscheiwer in der alt Blockschanty zittere: "Gotze kenne net schwetze, sie hen ken Maul!"

Tietscher: "Forschtret! Nau sagt mir, wie heesze die Kerls, wo Gotze abete?"

All sin ruhig.

Tietscher: "Hei - Hei - Fritzle du?"

Fritz, mit lauter Schtimm: "Hei - Hei - Heilige."

Es winscht dir dessehm,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Selle Dispatsch wo du am Mittwoch Owert von dene zwee Berliener Bigbocks aus der Neischtadt kriegt hoscht, dasz ich versoffe bin un du un der Schmalz rufkumme sotte, um meim Inquest zu attende, wor weiter nix wie en Defameschtion fun Karakter, un ich hab so en halwe Noschen, sie for Dimetsches zu schuhe, do ich grad wie sie ah, an der Wasserschei suffer un dem Schtofft net neckschter kumm; wie ich helfer kann. Wann die Duds widder so en Aettack fun Brehnschtorm hawe sotte, deht ich ihne rothe, en halwer Dag lang jede halb Schtund en Eszleffelvoll fun meim Wildgapsgensfett in ehre halwe Peint Kasstreal zu nehme; ich bin schur, sell deht ihne die Fleh fun der Lewer un ah aus em Hernkaschte dreiwer.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, April 13, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

I have lately gotten so many request letters from bald-headed men for my wild-goose goose grease that I concluded that it would be useful and of advantage to the bald-headed population, as well as to myself, to peddle it in all German settlements. When I told Sarah about my new idea, she said:

"You old idiot will make a dandy agent for a hair restorer. When the people see your bald pate, they won't want to hear about your grease, and will ask you why you don't use it yourself."

"Sarah," I said, "my bald pate is the best advertisement for my wild-goose goose grease hair restorer that I could have. I'll simply tell the people that all baldies who don't use it look like me. If I would use it, and if it would help me, then everyone could come and pull my hair to find out if it was genuine or not. Besides if the business should go well I'll buy you an automobile and a new parasol, and then we'll drive on Sundays down yonder to Berlin to the Glockemann, and eat dinner and supper at his place and return home again by moonlight."

* * *

She couldn't refute that argument and let me go to Neustadt to get empty soda water bottles at Louis' and Henry's Hotels for my hair restorer.

Before I hitched up old Fan, I said to Mildred, who is the eldest daughter of my Lizzie:

"Mildred, now take good care of grandma when I'm gone, so that she doesn't catch cold. Tell her to keep her mouth shut when she goes out. It would be best if she would have a little slit cut in her lower lip, then she could button up her mouth to that big wart that she has sitting on the front of her nose."

At that the little wretch stuck her tongue out at me and said: "Shame on you, grandpa."

On the way to Neustadt I reflected on the advantages the children of today have over us oldsters who were raised in the bush. A short while ago I was in church when the children were being examined, and it was a pure delight to hear how splendidly they answered the preacher's questions.

At that time an examination in Christian doctrine of about 60 years ago came to my mind, when the preacher used to come to school, and of which I am going to give you for example an illustration:

Preacher: "Mike, do we have commandments in the Christian religion?"

Mike: "To be sure, we have."

Preacher: "Right, Mike, how many have we?"

* * *

Mike, a good lad, who had already cut many a cord of wood, scratches his head behind his ears and says: "In fact I don't know that anymore."

"Johnny, do you know it?"

Johnny, however, keeps silent.

"Joel, you know; I know that you do."

Joel, in a low voice: "No."

Teacher: "Katie, you are a smart girl, you know more than the boys, you tell me."

Katie begins to bawl and says: "My mom doesn't know either."

Thereup Johnny calls loudly and bravely: "I know, we have 12."

Teacher: "Wrong, Rachel, what has Johnny in mind, when he says 12?"

Rachel: "I believe the four evangelists."

Teacher: "It's a shame that you have forgotten that; there are 10 commandments, exactly as many as we have fingers; now don't forget that."

Teacher: "Lizzie, you give us the first commandment."

Lizzie clams up.

Teacher: "Pete, you recite it."

Pete: "I can't spell it correctly."

Teacher: "Jimmy, you."

Jimmy knows it and rimes it off in one breath.

Teacher: "See, the little rascal knows it, and you should be properly ashamed of yourselves. Tell me, who made the commandments?"

All are quiet. Finally Katie shouts: "King Pharao."

* * *

Teacher: "You are very close. Moses was his name. Oh, children, that is horribly long ago, nobody knows how long. But what did I once tell you that we should not worship."

A few shout: "No idols."

Teacher: "Right you are, no idols. But Philip, tell me, what is an idol?"

Philip: "I don't know, I guess they are idols."

Teacher: "Correct; but you, Mary, you tell us."

Mary is silent.

Teacher: "Henry, I think you remember; wooden thing, - - thing - - things.

Henry shouts: "Wooden things, that they worship."

Teacher, quite pleased: "That's right! Now say it all together, so you will not forget."

The children together: "Wooden things, that we worship."

Teacher: "Do we Christians also worship wooden things?"

All: "No, no!"

Teacher: "Who worships them?"

A little lad shouts: "The Jews!"

Teacher: "You are mistaken, what do the Jews worship?"

The same little lad: "The calves."

* * *

Teacher: "Well, not exactly the calves, but the golden calf. Now tell me, Tom, who the people are who worship wooden and stone things?"

Tom: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Can the idols talk?"

All: "No."

Teacher: "Why don't they talk, Jake, I think you know."

Jake: "I think they have no mouth."

Teacher: "First rate; they have no mouth. Now all together!"

All: "They have no mouth!"

Teacher: "Wrong, you must only say now: Idols can't talk, they have no mouth."

All in a chorus that the window-panes rattle in the log shanty: "Idols can't talk; they have no mouth!"

Teacher: "First rate! Now tell me, what is the name of the fellows who worship idols?"

All are silent.

Teacher: "S-S-S-S little Fred you? (Hei-Hei- the answer should have been heathen)."

Fred in a loud voice: "S-S-S-Saints."

I wish you the same.

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—That dispatch that you got on Wednesday evening from Neustadt from those two Berlin big-bugs that I had drowned, add that you and Schmalz should come up to attend my inquest, was nothing more than defamation of character. I have half a notion to sue them for damages since I, like them, suffer from hydrophobia, and never get closer to the stuff than I can help. If those dudes should have a brainstorm attack again, I would advise them to take for a half day every half hour a soup spoon of my wild-goose goose grease in a half pint of castor oil; I am sure that would chase the fleas off their livers as well as out of their skulls.

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

Publish Date: 13 Apr 1912

Reprint Date: 08 Nov 1924

Appeared in: *Kitchener Daily Record*

Note: Legibility Issues

Letter From Joe Klotzkopp Esq.

BRIEF VON JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

Neischtadt, 13. April 1912.

Mister Glockemann!

Ich hab kerzlich so viel Brief fun Blutkepp for mei Wildgansgensfett kriegt, dasz ich konkluded hab, es zum Nutze un Aedwäntetsch fun der bluttkeppige Menschheit un mir selwert, in aller deitsche Settelments zu peddler. Wie ich der Särah fun meiner neier Eidie gsagt hab, hot sie gmehnt: "Du alts Kamehl machscht mir en scheener Agent for en Hoormittel; wann die Leit dei blutter un kahler Schedel sehne, werre sie nix meh fun deiner Schmier wisse welle, un werre dich froge, warum du 's net selwert juhse duscht!" "Särah," hab ich gsagt, "mei blutter Schedel is die bescht Aedverteisment for mei Wildgansgensfett-Hoormittel, wo ich hawe kennt. Ich sag der Leit efach, dasz alle Bluttkepp, wo 's net juhse diehn, so ausgucke wie ich. Wann ich 's juhse sott, un 's mir helfe deht, kennt jeder kumme un mir die Hoor robbe un zowoler um auszufinder, ob sie ah echt sin. Biseids, wann die Bisnesz gut gehe sott, kaaf ich dir en Automobil (over the left) un en nei Pärasahl, un dann fahre mir als Sundags unnernaus noch Berlin zum Glockemann, un esse bei ihm Zmiddag un Znacht un ritourne dann widder Owerts beim Mundschein. Gege des Argument hot sie net ufkumme kenne un sie hot mich dann noch der Neischtadt geh losse, um leere Sodawasserbottle beim Loui und Heinrich for mei Hoor-Remedy zu hole.

Eb ich die alt Fän agschpannt hob, hab ich der Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aelschte is, gsagt: "Mildred, basz mir jetzt juscht schee uf die Grändmah uf, wann ich fat bin un seh, dasz si kenn Kalt kätscht. Sag ihr, dasz sie 's Maul zuhalt, wann sie naus geht. Am beschte wärs, wann sie sich en kleener Schlitz in die Unnerlipp mache losse deht, dann kennt sie sich mit seller groszer Wortz, wo sie fanner uf der Nas hocke hot, 's Maul als zukneppe." Dodruf hot die klee Krot die Zung gege mich ausgschreckt unn gsagt: "Schehm on you, Grändpah."

Uf em Weg noch der Neischtadt hab ich so driwer nochgedenkt, was die Kinner doch heit for Aedwäntetsches hen gege uns Alte, wo im Busch grehst worre sin. Do wor ich kerzlich in der Kerich, wo die Kinner gexämint worre sin, un des wor dir doch en helle Bracht, wie sie die Questschuns fum Parrer so schee geäntsert hen. Dodobei is mir en Exämineschun in der Chrischtelehr for about 60 Johr eigfalle, wo der Brediger als in die Schul kumme is, fun dere ich dir for Exämpel en Beischpiel gewe will:

Brediger: Meik, henn mir dann im Chrischtethum Gebote?

Meik: Tubischur hen mir.

Brediger: Recht Meik, wie viel henn mir dann?

Meik, en brafer Buh, der schun manch Klofter Holz gmacht hot, kratzt sich hinnig der Ohre un sagt: In Fakt sell wees ich nimme.

Johnnie, weescht du 's?

Der Johnnie schweigt awer.

Joel, du weeschts; ich wees, du duscht.

Joel brummt: Nee!

Tietscher: Ketti, du bischt en schmärt Medel, du weescht's besser wie die Buwe, sag du's.

Die Ketti awer fangt ah zu heile un sagt: Mei Mäm wees 's a net.

Do ruft der Johnnie laut un herzhaft: Ich wees es, mir hen 12.

Tietscher: Falsch; Retschel, was hot der Johnnie im Kopp, dasz er juscht 12 sagt?

Retschel: Ich glaab, die 4 Evangelischter.

Tietscher: Es is doch en Jammer, dasz ihr des vergesse hent; 10 Gebote hen mir, juscht so viel als wie mir Finger hen, nau behalt's.

Tietscher: Lisbeth, sag du des ersht Gebot.

Die Lisbeth is schtumm.

Tietscher: Pit, sag du 's.

Pit: Ich kanns net recht schpeller.

Tietscher: Jimmy du.

Jimmy wees 's unn rappelt's in ehm Odemzug runner.

Tietscher: Guck, der klee Keip wees 's, un nihr sotte eich arig schemme. Wer hot dann die Gebote gemacht?

Al sin ruhig, endlich ruft die Ketti: Der Keenig Pharao.

Tietscher: Du bischt juscht dabei, Moses hot er gheesze. O Kinner, sell is schrecklich lang her, ken Mensch wees wie lang. Awer was hab ich eich emol gsagt, was mer net abete sott?

En Poor rufe: Ken Götze.

Tietscher: Recht so, kenn Götze. Awer Philip, du do, sag, was is a Götz?

Philip: der "Happy Days" in Hamilton is en Götz.

Tietscher: Net korrekt; du Mary, sag du's.

Die Mary is ruhig.

Tietscher: Henry, ich denk du hoscht's behalte; — holzige Ding — Ding—Dinger.

Henry ruft: Holzige Dinger, die ma abet.

Der Tietscher, arig gehliest: Recht so!

Nau zagt's all zusamme, dasz ihr's net vergesst.

Die Kinner all ehachtimmig: Holzige Dinger, die mir abete.

Tietscher: Bete mir Chrischte ah holzige Dinger a?

Alle: Nee! Nee!

Tietscher: Wer bet sie a?

Do ruft en kleener Buh: Die Jude!

Tietscher: Du bischt misteken; was bete die Jude a?

Der sehm klee Buh: die Kelwer.

Tietscher: Juscht net grad die Kelwer, awer 's goldig Kalb.

Nau sag Tom, wie heese die Leit, die holzige und schteenige Dinger abete?

Tom: ich kann's net sage.

Tietscher: Kenne die Götze schwetze?

All: Nee!

Tietscher: Warum schwetze sie net? Tscheck, ich denk du weescht's.

Tscheck: Ich denk sie hen ken Maul.

Tietscher: Forschtret; sie hen ken Maul.

Nau zagt's all zusamme!

All: Sie hen ken Maul!

Tietscher: Falsch, ihr miszt juscht nau sage: Götze kenne net schwetze, sie hen ken Maul.

All in Chor, dasz die Fenschterscheiwer in der alt Blockschänty zittere: Götze kenne net schwetze, sie hen kenn Maul!

Tietscher: Forschtret: Nau sagt mir, wie heesze die Kerls, wo Götze abete?

All sin ruhig.

Tietscher—Hei—Hei—Fritzle du?

Fritz, mit lauter Schtimm: Hei—Hei—Heilige.

Es winscht dir dessehm,

Joe Klotzkopp, Esq.

N.B. — Selle Dispätsch, wo du am Mittwoch Owerts von dene zwee Berliner Bigbocks aus der Neischtadt kriegt hoscht, dasz ich versoffe bin un du un der Schmalz rufkumme sotte, um meim Inquest zu ättende, wor weiter nix wie en Defämeschun fun Käräkter, un ich hab so en halwe Noschen, sie for Dämesches zu schuhe, do ich grad, wie sie ah, in der Wasserschei suffer, un dem Schtofft net neckschter kumm, wie ich helfer kann. Wann die Duds widder so en Aettäck fun Brehnschtorm hawe sotte, deht ich ihne rothe, en halwer Dag lang alle halb Schtund en Eszleffelvoll fun meim Wildgansgensfett in ihre halwe Pein Kätztrehl zu nehme; ich bin schur, sell deht ihne die Fleh fun der Lewer un ah aus em Hernkaschte dreiwer.

Es wischt dir dessehm,

J. K. Esq.

Striking Costume

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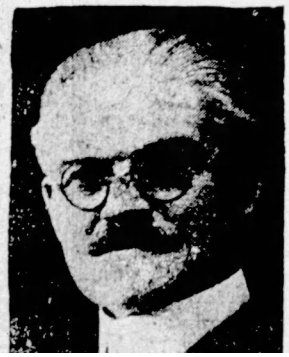

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RULES

1. Open to Kitchener Public and Separate School pupils only.
2. Drawing must be 5 x 9½ inches.
3. Drawing

Come on Girls!

4. Name, Address and School to be written on back of drawing.
5. Drawing to be left at Capitol Box Office not later than Thursday

ASTHMA HEAD and BRONCHIAL

Freedom from Pain

Publish Date: 01 May 1912

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 1. Mai 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Vorletscht Sundag Nomidag hab ich en Walk dorch die Felder nunner noch der Creek gnumme, um zu gucke, wie der Winterweeze schteht, un do bin ich em lahmer Hengschtdreiwer seim 9 Johr alder Peter mit ehme Fischpohl begegend. Ich wees, wie partikular die lahm Hengschtdreiwern is, dasz die Kinner net necksch ans Wasser geh, so dasz sie net versaufer, un wees ah, dasz sie druf insist, dasz sie Sundags in die Sundagsschul gehe sotte, um ebbes guts zu lerne.

Wie der klee Keip mich hot kumme sehe, is er gschwind hinnig en Hemlockschtumbe geschniekt, um sich zu versteckler. Ich hab ihn awer rausgepullt un zu ihm gsagt:

"Peter, weescht du dann net, dasz es en arig grosze Sind is, Sundags fischer zu geh?"

"Jo, Unkel Joe," hot er gsagt.

"Awer warum duscht du's dann?"

"Well, Unkel Joe," hot er gansert, "ich hab denne beese Fisch juscht weise welle, was ihne happend, wann sie Sundags hinnig ehme Worm herschwimme sotte!"

* * *

"Well, Peter," hab ich jetzt gfrogt, "was hoscht dann eegentlich gekätscht?"

"Sell wees ich for en Fakt noch net, Unkel Joe, ich wor noch net daheem!"

Mit sellem is er iwig die Riegelfenz gekrattelt, un ich hab noch gsehne, wie er en dehl Zedderbrosch hinnig in die Hosse gschtobbt hot.

Des hot mich uf die Eidie gebrocht, am neckschte Dag ah widder emol mei Lock am Fische zu browire, do die Sarah arig fand fun Sockers is, fun denne es um die Johrszeit any Amount im Rewer gebt. Ich hab anyhow besser Glick ghat, wie ehns fun sellen Berliner Bigbocks, wo kerzlich hinnig fum Heinrich seiner Portsch runner in der Creek gfischt hot, un en dohte Muschratt, en alder Schtifel un en leere Sardinbox raugschlenkert hot.

Am neckschte Morger hab ich der Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aeltschte is, en Kupper verschproche, wann sie mir en Kannvoll Werm grawe deht, un bin dann nunner an der Saugeen, an der sem Blatz, wo ich im letschter Winter die Wildgens gfange hab, un wo der Hütherdropper Billy emol en Peik gfange hot, der so grosz wor, dasz 's Wasser im Rewer ¾ Fusz, meh oder weniger, gfalle is, wie er ihn rausgeschleeft ghat hot.

* * *

Ich hab mich jetzt ins Boot ghockt, bin en Schtickwegs naus gepäddelt, un harly wor mei Hocker im Wasser, hab ich ah schun en groszer, dicker, fetter Socker drah ghat. So gschwind wie die Lein 's Wasser getotscht hot, hab ich en Beisz ghat; in Fakt die Fisch sin, ohne inveitet zu werre, in so groszer Haufe um mei Boot kumme, dasz anyhow noch en poor Hunnert fun selwert neigetschumbt sin. Es hot mich werklich gedunke, als ob sie all arig froh were, for mich noch dem lange und kalte Winter widder emol zu sehne.

Mei Boot wor bei dere Zeit fascht zum Umborzler voll, was ah schur gehäppend war, wann die Fisch sich net schee ruhig ghalte hette. Eb ich an's Land gfahre bin, hab ich noch en Tschah Duwack aus meim Hossesack nemme welle, un dodobei is mei letscht Dahlerbill mit rauskumme un ins Wasser gfalle.

Eb ich 's widder hab grabscher kenne, is so en frecher, groszmauliger Peik geschwumme kumme, hot's geschnappt un blitzschnell mit sich unnigs Wasser gezoge. Alles, Wettere, Schimpfer un Schelter wor for die Katz, do der Fusch simply dikleint hot, des Dahlerbill widder zurickzubringer.

Newer Meind, hab ich gedenkt, ich katsch dich doch noch emol, un bin dann heem, wo die Särah, die Mildred un en dehl Nochborsweiwer die Fisch gebutzt un in zwee grosze leere Sauerkrautfesser for der neckscht Summer in der Erndt eigsalzer hen.

* * *

Der neckscht Nomidag bin ich mit der Drohlinglein noch emol nunner an der Rewer, wo ich inseit fun ehre Fertelschtund zwee grosze Peiks gfange hab. Wie ich der ehne ins Boot hab ziehe welle, hab ich ebbes so suspischus rabbler herre.

Ich hab den Fusch dabber ufgschlitzt un bin fascht kollapst, wie ich en Poor Silver-und Kupperschticke gefunne hab. Mit zittriger Hand hab ich des Geld gezehlt. Es wore drei Zweeschillingschticke, ehn 10 Sentschtick und fünf Kuppers. Ich wor doch neischierig was aus denne 10 Sent worre is, un wie ich dann weiter im Fusch gsucht hab, hab ich, Mr. Glockemann, by Jinks, ah en Block Tschaduwack gfunne, so dasz ich widder zu meim ganze Geld kumme bin.

Der Peik is ausgschtobbt worre un wann selle zwee Berliner widder ruffkumme sotte, kenne sie ihn im Loui seiner Barschtub hinnig em Kaunter henge sehne.

Wann du oder der Schmalz fun denne in Sauerkrautfesser eigsalzene Sockers gleiche dehte, kann ich eich en halb Fasz voll schicke, des heeszt, so schnell wie's Geld doh is, awer net ehnter. Nicks schmeckt bei dem heesze Wetter im Summer besser wie eigsalzene Sockers mit Ebbelschnitz und Knowlich in Wildgansgensfett (50 Sents die Bottelvoll) schee saftig un braun gebrote.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Wie mir geschtere fun denne Sockers zum Middagesse ghat hen, hot die Mildred mich gfrogt, wie dann der Noah sich die Zeit uf der Arch verdriwer hot. "Mit Fische, tobischur," hab ich gsagt.

"Do hot er awer net viel fange kenne," hot sie gmehnt.

"Jo warum dann net?"

"Ei, weil er juscht zwee Werm ghat hot!"

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

NB No. 2—Ehns fun denne Zweeschillingschticke, wo ich aus em Peik gnumme hab, is schun futsch. Am Sundag wor ich in der Kerich un do hab ich bei Mistek en Quarter Schtatt ehme Kupper in der Klingelbeitel gschmisse. Noch der Kerich bin ich zum Brediger un hab ihm verzehlt was ghappend is. Do hot er awer glacht un gsagt:

"Oh, never meind, Mr. Klotzkopp, mir nehme die zwee Schilling grad so dankbor an, als ob sie absichtlich neigschmisse worre ware."

Mit regards, yours, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, May 1, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

A week ago Sunday afternoon I took a walk through the fields down to the creek to see what the winter wheat looked like, and at that time I met the Lame Stalliondriver's nine-year-old Peter with a fishing pole. I know how particular the Lame Stalliondriver's wife is about the children going close to the water, so that they don't drown; and I know, too, that she insists on it that they go to Sunday school on Sunday to learn something good.

When the little rascal saw me coming he quickly sneaked behind a hemlock stump to hide. However I pulled him out and said to him:

"Peter, don't you know that it is a frightful sin to go fishing on Sunday?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe," he said.

"Then why do you do it?"

"Well, Uncle Joe," he answered, "I just wanted to show those naughty fish what would happen if they took after a worm on Sunday!"

"Well Peter," I now asked him, "what did you actually catch?"

"Of that I am not sure as yet, Uncle Joe, I haven't been home as yet!"

With that he scrambled over the rail fence, and I still saw how he stuffed a bundle of cedar brush into the seat of his pants.

* * *

That gave me an idea to try my luck once again at fishing the next day, since Sarah is very fond of suckers, of which there is any amount at this season in the river. I at least had better luck than one of those Berlin big-bugs who recently fished in the creek from the back of Henry's porch, and yanked out a dead muskrat, an old boot and an empty sardine can.

The next morning I promised Mildred, who is the eldest daughter of my Lizzie, a cent if she would dig me a can full of worms, and then went down to the Saugeen to the same place, where I caught the wild geese last winter, and where Huetherdrops Billy once caught a pike that was so big that the water in the river fell three-quarters of a foot, more or less, when he had dragged it out.

I now sat down in the boat, paddled out a piece and hardly was my hook in the water when I had already caught a long, large, fat sucker. As soon as the line touched the water I had a bite, in fact the fish, even without being invited, came in such large schools around my boat, that at least a few hundred jumped into it on their own accord. It actually seemed to me as if all of them were really glad to see me again after the long and cold winter.

* * *

My boat was filled to capsizing, which also would have happened if the fish had not kept nice and quiet. Before I went back to the shore I still wanted to take a chew of tobacco out of my pant's pocket, at which time my last dollar bill came out along with it and fell into the water.

Before I could grab it again, a bold, big-mouthed pike came swimming along, snapped it up and pulled it as quick as lightning beneath the water. All my ranting, raving and scolding was for naught, since the fish simply declined to bring the dollar bill back again.

Never mind, I thought, I'll catch you some time, and then went home, where Sarah, Mildred and a number of neighbors' wives cleaned the fish, and salted them down in two large empty sauerkraut barrels for next summer in harvest time.

On the next afternoon I went once more with my trolling line down to the river, where I, in the course of a quarter hour, caught two large pike. When I was about to pull the one into the boat I heard something quite suspicious.

I quickly cut the fish open, and almost collapsed, when I found a couple of silver and copper coins. With a trembling hand I counted the money. There were three two-shilling coins, one 10-cent piece and five coppers. I was very anxious to know what had become of the other 10-cent piece, and when I then searched further in the fish, I found, by jinks, Mr. Glockemann, also a plug of chewing tobacco, so that I had all my money back.

* * *

The pike was mounted, and if those two Berliners should come up again, they can see it hanging in Louis' bar-room behind the counter.

If you or Schmalz would like some of the salted suckers in the sauerkraut barrels, I can send you half a barrel, that is, as quickly as the money is here, but no sooner. Nothing tastes better in the hot weather in summer than salted suckers with dried apples and garlic, fried juicy and brown in wild-goose goose grease (50 cents per bottle).

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—As we were eating some of those suckers for lunch yesterday, Mildred asked me how Noah spent his time in the ark.

"In fishing, to be sure," I said.

"Then he couldn't catch very many," she said.

"Well, why not?"

"Well, because he had only two worms!"

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

NB No. 2—One of the quarters which I took out of the pike is already gone to the dogs. On Sunday I was at church and I threw by mistake a quarter into the collection-bag instead of a copper. After the service I went to the preacher and told him what had happened. Then he laughed and said:

"Oh, never mind, Mr. Klotzkopp, we'll accept the quarter just as gratefully as if it had been thrown in deliberately."

With regards, yours J. K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 13. Mai 1912.

Mister Glockemann!

Wie ich vorgeschter am Knecht im Holzschopp zugeguckt hab, wie er 's Pfluggscherr gflickt un mit Fischehl un Inschlich eigschmiert hot, sin mir so allerlei Eidies durch mei bludder Schedel kumme, ganz abbadig awer iwer unser Palaticks. Ich belang zu kenner politikel Pärty, des heeszt, ich duh ebmols, awer 's kummt grad druf ah, wer ronnt, un du weescht jo.

Es is mir for en Fakt gsagt worre, dasz dir emol $10.50 geaffert worre sin, for en annere Kändidet in deim Babier zu supporter, un du Esel hoscht's net agnumme. Wie hette dich $11.50 gschtreikt? For so viel Geld deht ich for en gehler Hund voter, do die menschte Politischuns jo doch nix meh wie Schtimmvieh sin, die grad so schtimme misse, wie die Leidhammel ihne vorpfeife duhne, ennerleh, ob sie domit eiverschtanne sin oder net. Des is awer net, was ich hab sage welle.

* * *

Ich hab do kerzlich mit groszem Intrest gleese, dasz der Sir James Whitney, Esq., en Lah mache wett, um's Triete in der Bärschtuwe zu prohibite. Was mich porsonälly kansernt, macht mir des net viel aus, do ich mir beim Triete noch niemols arig weh geduh hab un in Futscher wohrscheents ah net weh du wer. Ich hab awer doch die Mehning, dasz ma beim Trieter der Chäräkter fun der Mensche am beschte schtuddiere kann, un es gebt noch meiner Opinion do drei Klasse. In die erscht Klasz belange die Bierbrauer, Whiskeyagents, Cigärdräwlers und Kerls, wo politikäl Kändidets werre welle, un . . . fascht het ich gsagt, die Zeidingsdrucker, awer sell wär net die Worret gweszt, do do hower rum niemand rimemberer kann, dasz du ebmols viel Geld iwig die Bar neigeblosze hoscht.

So gschwind ma die erscht Klass in der Werthsheiser miet — un wo anners sott ma die Leit sunscht miete — is ihr erscht Wart: "Hello!" un 's zwett, "What will you have?" Vielleicht sage sie ah, "Was nemmt ihr," oder "name your poison," was awer es sehm Ding mehnt. Es is ah passibel, dasz sie iwerhaupt net lang froge un juscht zum Bärtender sage: "Geb uns ehns zu saufe!"

In der zwett Klasz belange die disente Leit, des soll awer ken Refleckschun uf die annere sei; ich mehn awer als, die in der erschter Klasz dehte ihrer Lebdag net so viel triete, wann sie net miszte, wann sie kei Ei zum Bisnesz hette, un sozusage en Worscht noch ehre Schpeckseit schmeisze wette, oder sich mit der Zeit net an's Triete gwehnt hette.

* * *

Die in der zwett Klasz awer froge erscht ehns mit ihne zu drinke, wann sie sich net annersche helfer kenne. Sie losse sich triete un denke zuletscht, dasz sie, for disent zu sei, ah zuricktriete misse, un deswege heesz ich sie die disente Leit.

Die dritt Klasz sin die Sockers, un es is juscht Schad, dasz ma die net ah in Sauerkrautfeszer eisalzer kann. Die froge iwerhaupt net. Mit denne Sockers, ich mehn die menschliche un net die Fisch, is 's wie mit der Oier; es is ehn Oi wies anner — un doch sin sie allminanner different. Es is ehner wie der anner, sie triete niemols . . . sell is ihr Prinzibel, un sie sin doch allminanner verschiede, awer juscht outseit.

Der Ehne is en Socker fun Profeschun, un macht sich en Bisznesz draus, sich immer do hizuschteller, wo ehner grad triete duht, un dann fatschniekt, wann die Reih zu triete an ihn kummt.

Der Zwett is en Socker aus Mangel am nethige schmahl Chänge; des wär jo noch zu exqueser — awer wann ma unnig der Welf is, sott mah ah mitheiler, oder ganz un gor aus ihrer Kumbanie bleiwer.

Der Dritt is en Socker aus Dummheit — er sauft mit, is awer zu dumm, um an's Zuricktriete zu denke.

Un der Viert is en Socker fun Geburt, der fangt schun mit der Milchboddel ah, un kann sich's sei ganz Lewelang net abgwehne. Sell is der Socker, wo en Socker is, wo weesz, dasz er ehner is, un wo so äkte duht, als ob er kenner wär, un wo noch zu jedem Glas Bier fum Werth en halwe Balohne, en Poor Bretzel un Limburger Kehs for en kleener Lunch mit neigschmisse verlangt. Ich kennt Nahme menschene, awer wen's juckt, der mag sich kratze.

* * *

Do mir grad fun Limburger Kehs schwetze, fallt mir en kleene Schtori ei, die mir for about 30 Johr ghäppend is. Sellermohls hot ma do howe rum der Limburger noch net in jedem Schtohr kaafe kenne, wie heitzudags, un wie ich emol noch der Neischtadt kumme bin, hot mir der ald Himmler ehner mit gewe, for der Särah als Bresent zu bringer.

Ich wor dozumol noch en bissel jinger wie allerweil un 's hot widder emol so gehäppend, dasz ich seller Owert arig schpot heem kumme bin, wo ich den Limburger, der schee in Silwerbabier eigwickelt wor, uf der Kichedisch glegt un mich dann ins Bett gschniekt hab, uhne dasz die Särah mich ghert hot. Am neckschte Morger hab ich sie gfrogt, ob sie sell Päcket gfunne het.

"Schur," hot sie gsagt, "hab ich 's gfunne, un es kann jo ah en ganz Ort Seef sei, wann ma wees wie domit umzugeh, awer ich hab absolut kenn rechte Schaam kriege kenne, wie ich die Kinner mit dere neifäschen Seef gwesche hab. Un zudem henn sie nochher so ferchterlich gschtunke, dasz ich sie ersch en halwe Schtund in der Hof hab schicke misse, eb sie in die Schul hen geh kenne."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Grad wie ich alleweil in der Poscht-Affis en 2 Cent Schtämb hab kaafe welle, um die Korreschpondenz noch Berlin zu schicke, hot mir der Tscheck en poor Brief gewe, wo nix wie Akounts fun Schulde worre, die die Särah hinnig meim Buckel gmacht hot. Dor wor en Rechning fun 25 Cents for en Moschtert-Plaschter, en annere for $2.13 fum Zahdoktor for ihr 4 Zehn hauszujänker, un en dritte fun 15 Cents for Sennebletter un Salz, alles Expenses juscht for der Särah ihrer Blesier un Hochmuth.

Is es bei derortiger Geldwegschmeiszerei noch en Wunner, dasz ma zu nix kummt?! Was nutzt alles Schaffe un Schpore, wann's der Mann Theelöffelvollwees heem bringt, un die Frah 's mit der Schaufel zum Fenschter nausfeiert?

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, May 13, 1912.

Mister Glockemann:

When I watched the hired man the day before yesterday as he was repairing a ploughshare, and rubbing it with fish oil and tallow, all kinds of ideas went through my bald head, quite particularly however I thought about our politics. I don't belong to any political party, that is, I do sometimes, but it depends on who is running, and you know, don't you.

It was told me for a fact that you were once offered $10.50 to support another candidate in your paper, and that you numbskull turned it down. How would $11.50 have struck you? For that much money I would vote for a yellow dog, since most politicians aren't more than voting cattle, who have to vote exactly as the lead goat dictates, whether they agree with it or not. But that is not what I wanted to say.

I have recently read with the greatest interest that Sir James, Whitney, Esq., wanted to pass a law to prohibit treating in barrooms. As far as I am personally concerned that doesn't worry me much, since I have never hurt myself very much in treating, and will probably also not hurt myself in that way in the future. But I am of the opinion that you can in treating study the character of people best, and there are in my opinion three classes.

* * *

To the first class belong the beer brewers, whisky agents, cigar travellers, and chaps who want to become political candidates, and, I almost said, newspaper publishers, but that would not have been the truth, since no one can remember up here that you ever blew in much money over the bar.

As soon as you meet the first class in the hotels — and where else would you meet these people — their first word is "Hello!" and the second, "What will you have?" Perhaps they also say, "What will you drink" or "name your poison," which is, however, the same thing. It is also possible that they don't make much fuss and simply say to the bartenders, "Give us one to swill!"

To the second class belong the decent people, but that is not meant as a reflection on the others. I often think that those in the first class would in all their lives not treat so much, if they didn't have to; if they didn't have an eye to business, and so to speak throw a sprat to catch a salmon, or hadn't gotten accustomed to treating bit by bit.

Those in the second class only then ask you to have a drink with them when there is no other course left to them. They allow themselves to be treated, and conclude that they have to reciprocate to be decent, and that is why I call them decent people.

* * *

The third class are the suckers, and it is really too bad that you can't salt them down in sauerkraut barrels. They don't ask at all. With these suckers, I mean the human ones and not the fish, the same thing holds as for eggs; one egg is like the next — nevertheless they are all different. One is like the other, they never treat, that is their principle; they all resemble each other, but just on the outside.

The one is a sucker by profession; he makes a business of always standing where someone is treating, and then sneaking away when his turn to treat comes around.

The second one is a sucker because of the lack of the necessary small change; that might perhaps be excused, but when you are in Rome you should do as the Romans do, or stay completely out of association with them.

The third one is a sucker from stupidity — he drinks with the crowd, but is too stupid to think of reciprocating.

And the fourth one is a sucker by birth. He begins already with the baby bottle, and can't throw off the habit during his lifetime. He is the real sucker, who is a sucker and knows it, and who acts as if he weren't one, and who wants from the barkeeper with every glass of beer, half a bologna sausage, a few pretzels and limburger cheese as a little lunch in the bargain. I could mention names, but if the cap fits, then wear it.

Since we are just talking about limburger cheese, a good story occurs to me, which happened about 30 years ago. At that time you still couldn't buy limburger cheese in every store up here as you can today, and when I once went to Neustadt, old Mr. Himmler gave me one to take home to give to Sarah as a present.

* * *

I was at that time still a bit younger than now, and it happened once again that I came home quite late that evening. I put the limburger which was beautifully wrapped in silver paper on the kitchen table, and then sneaked into bed without Sarah having heard me. The next morning I asked her whether she had found that package.

"Sure," she said, "I found it, and it can indeed be a good kind of soap, if you know how to handle it, but I simply couldn't work up a real lather when I washed the children with this new-fashion soap. And in addition they stank so fearfully that I first had to send them out into the yard for a half hour before I could send them to school."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Just as I wanted to buy a two-cent stamp at the post office to send this correspondence to Berlin, Jake gave me a couple of letters containing nothing but accounts which Sarah had made behind my back. There was a bill for 25 cents for a mustard plaster, another for $2.13 from the dentist for yanking out four teeth, and a third one for 15 cents for senna leaves and salt — all expenses just for Sarah's pleasure and pride.

Is it any wonder that you get to nothing when money is squandered like that? Of what use is it for the man of the house to work and save and bring home in teaspoon measure, and the wife throws it out of the window with the shovel?

I wish you the same, J. K. Esq.

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Appeared in: *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 24. Mai 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Is 's net merikwerdig, was die Kinner heitzudags in der Schul net alles zu lerne hen? Do is for Exembel die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aeltschte is, die kummt jeder Owert mit ehme ganze Sackvoll Bicher heem; wann ma sie awer ebbes frogt oder Informaschun hawe will, wees sie juscht about so viel dafu wie ehn Kuh fun ehre Brodworscht.

Der anner Dag hot sie gsagt, sie miszt en nei Tschakgravieh hawe un do hab ich doch emol sehne welle, wie sie in dem Bisnesz daheem is.

"Mildred," hab ich sie gfrogt: "Wer is der Governor-Tscheneral fun Canada?"

"Ei, der Mayor Schmalz fun Berlin, tobischur!"

"Ne, bis jetzt noch net ganz," hab ich gsagt, "obglei er schmärt genug wär, for seller Tschab zu runner. Jetzt sag mir emol, wer hot Canada diskovert?"

"Oh, Grändpah, ich bin astonished iwer dich, schun so ald un noch so dumm. Ei, wer sunscht wie der Sir Wilfrid Laurier!"

* * *

Wie ich sie dann noch gfrogt hab, wer die Pandschtallhalter un Schofväluators fum Township Normanby sin, un sie ah selle Questschun net hot änserer kenne, hab ich doch emol sehne welle, was sie fun Algebra verschteht und hab gsagt:

"Chrischtmesz un der 24. Mai sin Feierdag, wo jedes Johr am selwige Dag geselebreted were; kannscht du mir nau en Fescht menschene, wo ihr daheem ah jedes Johr feiert, was awer net immr uf der sehm Dag fallt?"

"Ei, jo Grändpah, sell is doch iesy — die Kindsdaaf!"

"Ma werd so ald wie en Kuh un lernt noch immer dazu," sagt als die Särah, wann die klee Krott fun der Schul heem kummt un ihr sagt, sie sott's Maul halder, weil sie fun denne neifäschender Sache, wo ma jetzt in der Schul lernt, doch nix verschteht. Es is for en Fäkt en Schehm, was die Kinner heidig Dags alles schtuddier misse, un doch nix wisse.

Mir worre froh wann mir schpelle, ädde un sobdräkter glernt hen, so dasz mir als ausfiggere hen kenne, ob der Hafer 50 Cents oder en halwer Dahler 's Buschel wor.

Jetzt hawe sie awer fisikel Tortschur un Botherni, sie hen Eloquschen (Jerum, wann des die Särah ah noch seientifikälly glernt het), sie hen Temperenz, Beiolotschie, Fiesziolotschie, Etomolotschie un bleiwe doch so dumm wie 's Vieh. Was hot ma dafu, dasz ma die Kinner noch vier Johr lenger sopporter musz wie friher, un dasz sich die Pärents noch dimmer vorkumme, wie sie in Fäkt sin? Un was nutzt mich's, wann die Mildred mir sage kann, wie grosz die Sunn is, awer der Differenz zwische ehre Dickworzel un Sauerkraut net wees?

* * *

Ich mehn, die Tietschers gucke zu wenig uf dei präktikel Seit un mickse sich zuviel in die preifet Efehrs fun der Fämileh. Do hot for Exembel zum Beispiel die klee Krott kerzlich zu mir gsagt: "Säh, Grändpah, wann du des Biersaufer net ufgebscht, dann werd der Owerkoht fun deim Mager zu dick un du kriegscht en Bierbelleh."

Jetzt mecht ich wisse, was der Schulmäm mei Mager ageht?

Ich bin jo net im Hotel-Bisnesz, ich nehm dodrah — wie man so sagt — juscht en pässing Interest, espeschälly was der Lunch abelangt. Awer wie musz so en Werth fiehle, wann ihm sei Kinner sage, dasz der Schnaps un 's Schmoke en Verbreche an der Menscher is, weil ergent so en alde verdruckelte Schachtel fun ehre Schulmäm ihne des gsagt hot? Ergend so en old Mehd, wo sich die zehn Finger noch ehme Mann bis zum Ellboge abschlecke deht, un wann er ah noch Tschahduwack und Ratgod schtinke deht?

Net, dasz ich 's iwermeszige Saufe difender will, do sell ebmohls die schlimmste Konsequenses hot . . . ma hot sei Expirienz dodrin, of kohrs juscht fun seine gute Freind. Wann en Mann fun Expirienzes schwetzt, mehnt er immer die fun seiner Freind.

* * *

Ich hab en ganz abaddig guter Freind, wo ebmols net wees ob er genug hot oder zuviel. Wie der widder emol am neckschte Dag sich mit ehme saure Hering iwer des Elend fun dere sindhaftige Welt getröscht hot, do hot er uf emol in der Eck fun der Schtub en Ratt gesehne, wo immer mit em Kopp gewackelt hot. Well, er wor grad ken Kauert un hot gedenkt: "Never meind, ehn Ratt macht noch lang ken Temperenzler" — un hot sich rumgedreht.

Do hot er awer in der zwett Eck en Schlang, wo alsfat 's Maul uf un zugschnappt hot. Wann Ehner emol so weit is, dasz er Viehsione hot, dann is 's Zeit zu schtopp . . . do bei der Tschim-Tschäms jede Blesier un Pleaschur en End hot. Er hot ken Wort gsagt, is fortgange un hot die Pletsch gseint.

Awer sell, Mr. Glockemann, kann ich dier sage, die Briegel winsch ich kem Hund, die die Mildred kriegt hot, wie ich ausgfunne hab, dasz sie mir die mekänikel Toys in die Schtub gschellt hot, wo sie uf Chrischtmesz als Bresente kriegt hot.

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Ich hab in deim Babier glese, dasz die Ladies fun Berlin un Waterloo widder en "Tag Day" for 's Hospital ghalte hen, wo arig gut ausgeturned is. Well, nix for ungut, awer ich mehn als, mir dohower in unserer Nochborschaft hen ken Hospitals un die Leit schterwer doch, of course nimme gans so schlimm wie friher, eb sie mein Wildgansgensfett ghat hen. Ich mehn als, wenn ihr unnerdraus in Schmiehrkehskaunty mehner fun mein Medizin juhser dehte, breichte ihr ken "Tag Day", un sell Geld kennte for Weisekinner, zu denne ah ich belang gjuhst werre.

Bei der Weh, der Schmalz hot mir selle 12½ Cents for die halb Boddelvoll Wildgansgensfett noch net bezahlt.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, May 24, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

Isn't is remarkable what things the children have to learn in school? There is, for example, our Mildred, the eldest daughter of my Lizzie, who comes home with a whole bag of books every evening. But if you ask her a question or want to get some information, she knows just about as much about it as a cow about a fried sausage.

The other day she said that she needed a new geography, at which occasion I made up my mind to find out what she knew about the business.

"Mildred," I asked her, "who is the governor-general of Canada?"

"Why, Mayor Schmalz of Berlin, to be sure!"

"No, not quite up till now," I said, "although he would be smart enough to run that job. Now tell me, who discovered Canada?"

"Oh, grandpa, I am astonished at you, so old and still so stupid. Why who else but Sir Wilfrid Laurier!"

When I then asked her, in addition, who were the poundkeepers and sheep-valuators of Normanby Township, and she couldn't answer those questions, I thought I would turn to algebra to see what she knew of that subject and I said:

"Christmas and the 24th of May are holidays which are celebrated on the same day every year; can you now name me a festival day which you always celebrate at home every year, but which doesn't always fall on the same day?"

"Well, yes, grandpa, that is certainly easy — christening day!"

* * *

"You get as old as a cow and just keep on learning," Sarah always says when the little brat comes home from school and tells her that she (Sarah) should keep her mouth shut, because she doesn't understand anything anyhow of the newfashioned things which you now learn in school. It is in fact a shame what the children have to study nowadays and still don't know anything.

We were happy when we learned to spell, to add and to subtract, so that we could figure out whether oats was 50 cents or a half dollar a bushel.

But now they have physical torture and botany; they have elocution (heavens, if Sarah had learned that scientifically), they have temperance, biology, physiology, etymology and yet remain as stupid as cattle. What do you get out of it that you have to support the children four years longer than formerly, and that the parents feel even more stupid than they, in fact, are? And of what value is it to me if Mildred can tell me how big the sun is, but doesn't know the difference betwen a beet and sauerkraut?

I think the teachers pay too little attention to the practical side, and stick their noses too much into the private affairs of the family. Lately, for example, the little brat said to me:

"Say, grandpa, if you don't give up guzzling beer then the overcoat of your stomach will get too thick, and you'll get a beer belly."

* * *

Now I'd like to know what business of the teacher's my stomach is?

I am, as you know, not in the hotel business, I take — as people say — just a passing interest in it, especially as far as lunch is concerned. But how must a hotelkeeper feel when his children tell him that whisky and smoking are a crime against humanity, because some old dried-up hag of a schoolmarm told them that? Some old maid who would lick her 10 fingers up to the elbow for a husband, even if he smelled of chewing tobacco and rotgut?

Not that I want to defend excess drinking, which often has the worst consequences, of this we have experience, of course, from the example of our good friends. When a man talks about experiences, he always means those of his friends.

I have a very good friend who often doesn't know whether he has enough or too much. When he was once again on the day after the night before comforting himself with a sour herring about the misery of this sinful world, then he suddenly saw a rat in the corner of the room, which always kept shaking its head. Well, he was not exactly a coward and thought "Never mind, one rat is not nearly enough to make a temperance man" and turned around.

* * *

But then he saw in the second corner a bug which constantly kept its wings in motion, and in the third corner a snake, which continuously opened and closed its mouth. When you once get to the point where you see visions, then it's high time to stop since in the jim-jams every joy and pleasure comes to an end. He didn't say a word, but went and signed the pledge.

But this, Mister Glockemann, I can tell you, I wouldn't wish a dog the beating that Mildred got when I discovered that she had put the mechanical toys in my room which she had gotten as Christmas presents.

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—I read in your paper that the ladies in Berlin and Waterloo again held a tag day for the hospital, which turned out very well. Well, no harm meant, but I often think, that up here in our neighborhood we have no hospitals, and the people die anyhow, of course not so many as before when they didn't have my wild-goose goose grease. I often think if you people down yonder used more of my medicine, you wouldn't need a tag day and that that money could be used for orphans, to which class I also belong.

By the way, Schmalz has not as yet paid me that 12½ cents for the half bottle of wild-goose goose grease.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

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Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 15. Jun 1912

Mister Glockemann!

Noch langer Konsidereschun bin ich wider emol zu der Konkluschen kumme, dasz ma in alle Sache temporet und meeszig sei sott, net allenig im Esse, sondern ah im Drinke. Ma kann sich mit zu vielem Poi un Eiskriemfresser grad so gut der Schtomack und die Lewer verhunze, wie mit zu vielem Wassersaufer. Sell, anyhau, sin jetzt mei Sentiments.

Wann die Weibsleit, ganz abaddig awer die junge Weibsmenscher, sich disent un sauwer dresser, des beeszt, wann sie net jeder Sent was der Mann oder sie verdiener, for Schtaat und Hochmuth uf der Buckel henker, und ufdedunnert wie en Pingschtochs uf der Schtrosz rumfege, so heesz ich sell ah Temperenz.

Do wor ich der anner Dag im Schtettel, wo ich im Werthshaus der lahm Hengschtdreiwer, der Dusselpeter, der Grundsaujerg und der Bohnerkreitelsepp gemiet hab. Mir hen ananner schun en ganze Weil nimme gsehne ghat, un so hen mir uns ins Hinnerschtiwle ghockt, wo der lahm Hengschtdreiwer sie emol ufgsetzt hot.

* * *

Iwer en Weil is der Bärtender reikumme, mit ehme Deller voll Bahlone, Brod und Moschtert. Dann hot der Dusselpeter emol kumme losse, un der Bärtender hot en Limburger Käs, Lewerworscht un Rettich gebrocht. Noch so ehre Vertelschtund hot der Grundsaujerg getriet un der Bärtender hot gschmokter Schwadermager un die Sardins ufgsetzt. Ah der Bohnerkreitelsepp hot die Hüthers-Droppe uffahre losse, zu denne der Bärtender Schmierkehs, Schnittlauch und die Biscuits supplied hot.

Die Kumbanie is bei dere Zeit ziemlich leifly worre, wie der Bärtender widder rei kumme is un gfrogt hot, ob mir net ah en Schissel voll Kuddelfleck in saurem Cideressig mit Zwiwler gleiche dehte. Do hab ich dann awer doch die Lein gedraht un gsagt:

"Nee, was zu viel is, is zu viel, die Särah hot heit Owert Sauerkraut un eigsalsene Sockers, un do will ich mir der Abbedid net verderwe," un hab mich so um 10 Uhr Owerts heem gmacht.

Nee, alles was recht is des kann ich net leide, un es gebt Kerls, wo net die kleenscht Eldie fun Temperenz hen, un sich die Kitz zum Verblatze uffiller, des heeszt, so lang 's nix koschter duht. Wann ich so en Schlemmerei un Wischtgeduh als seh, kennt ich for en Fakt aus der Haut fahre, wann ich jucht wiszt wohi.

* * *

Obglei ich en groszer Advokat fun Temperenz bin, so hot die Särah doch druf insist, dasz ich seller Owert widder so voll wie en Krot gweszt wär un hot gschimpft, dasz die Balker jucht so gekracht hen. Anyhow, wie ich der neckscht Morger ins Schteddel kumme bin, hot der Bärtender mich gfrogt, wie ich noch dem geschtriger Picnic fihle deht, un do hab ich gsagt, "Forschtreht, awer die Särah is so heeser wie en Krab!"

Uf em Heemweg Nomidags bin ich doch en bissel mied worre, un do ich immer der Mehning wor, dasz ma am allzufieler Schaffe aus em Weg geh sott, un 's viel gsinder is, wann ma druf guckt, dasz annere Leit schaffe un sich abbloge, hab ich mich hinner in der Lehn unnig en Buchebaum glegt. Ich wor grad am Eidussler, wie ich der Dänger, was mei Hund is, gautze hab here, un wie ich guck, wor's der Brediger, wo die Lehn runner kumme is.

"Guten Dag, Unkel Joe!" hot er gsagt, "nemmscht en kleener Rest?"

"Net exäktly," hab ich mit ehme ernschter Gsicht gsagt.

"Ich hees des noch kenn Rest, ich wort jucht bis die Sunn nunner is, so dasz ich dann die Erwert mit ehme ruhiger Gwisse schtoppe kann!"

* * *

Der Brediger wor drower am Haus und so musz ihm die Särah gsagt hawe, dasz ich am Dag vorher im Schteddel wor und widder emol schief glade ghat het. Anyhow, er hot mich gfrogt, wie 's dann kumme deht, dasz ich ebmols allzuviel iwer der Dorscht drinke deht, un do hab ich ihm gänsert, um mein Cares un Sorge zu drowner.

"Was kann en Mann wie Du, Mister Klotzkopp, for Sorge hawe," hot er wisse welle.

Dodruf hab ich gsagt: "Exquese Ihr mich, plies, glawe Ihr vielleicht, 's macht mir kenn Druwel, wann ich drah denk, wo ich 's Geld for Tschaduwack etzettere, etzettere hernehme soll?"

Er hot mir dann die Levitte noch Rote glese un gsagt, des allzuviel Saufe wär noch mei Dod un jedes Glas Schnaps en Nagel zu meiner Dohterlaad. Ich hab nix gsagt un juscht gedenkt, wann sell der Kehs is, dasz zehn Joch Ochse härly mei Kaffin moofer kennte.

"Joe," hot er dann zum Schlusz gmehnt, "wann Du fiehlscht dasz genug Heu nunner is, un Du besoffe bischt, warum orderscht Du dann net als Sarsaparille?"

"Exquese mich, plies, Mister Brediger, awer wann ich voll bin, kann ich nimmi Sar-sa-pa-rilla sage."

"Joe! Joe!" hot er dann gmehnt, "es schteht gschriwe, dasz ma ken schtarkes Getränk juhse sott, for es beiszt wie en Nadder und schtecht wie en Schlang!"

* * *

"Net wann ma en Bissel Zucker nei duht," hab ich gänsert.

Dodruf hi is er ziemlich bees wore; er hot mir awer doch Good Bye gewe, un gmehnt, dasz Hoppe un Malz an mir verlore wäre, un is dann fatgwusselt.

Wie ich heem kumme bin, hot die Särah glei widder zu geifere agfange un gsagt: "Ich wees net, was des noch mit dir alde Schnapsnas werre soll, jo, wann's net for mich wär, der Bettelsack an der Wand verzweifler deht. Wie ich dich gheiert hab, hoscht du zwee Poor Schtrimb ghat, un die worre dazu noch gschtoppt, ersecht durch mich bischt du zu ebbes kumme."

"Des is for en Fakt die Worret, die ganz Worret und nix wie die Worret," hab ich gänsert, "un gschtoppte Schtrimb hab ich sidder sellermols ah net widder gsehne."

Es winscht dir dessehm,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Der Schmalz musz sich awer verderbt grosz gfiehlt hawe, wie er kerzlich am Mondag Morger, noch eb die Hahner wackrig worre, die Praklameschun ausposaunt hot, dasz Berlin jetzt en fullfletscht City is. Yes, Sir, Mr. Glockemann, do geht nix driwer naus, ich un er geheere jetzt zu der erschter Deitscher in der Kontry. Er is der ersecht Mayor fun der City of Berlin, un ich wor der ersecht Käpten fun der Petersburger Rescue Feier Kumbanie No. 1, im Johr 1860.

Ich hab gheert, dasz er sei Mosdäsch mit mein Wildgansgensfett gwickst ghat hot, so dasz er geglitzert hot wie en Karfunkelschtee vor ehme Offeloch. Wann er mir jucht ah sell . . . well, ich will heit net mehner sage, un es

winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

Neustadt, June 15, 1912

Mister Glockemann!

After mature consideration I have once again reached the conclusion that you should be temperate and moderate, not alone in eating, but also in drinking. You can ruin your stomach and liver just as well by eating too much pie and ice cream as with the drinking of too much water. Those, anyhow, are just now my sentiments.

If the womenfolk, especially the young women, dress decently and clean, that is, if they don't hang every cent which their husbands, or they themselves, earn on their backs for style and self-conceit, and parade around the streets decked out like a lead ox in the Whitsuntide parade, I call that temperance too.

The other day I was in town when I met the Lame-Stallion-driver, Peter Dimwit, Groundhog George and Beanstalk Joe. We hadn't seen each other for some time, and were sitting in the back room, where the Lame Stallion-driver had set up the drinks.

After a while the bartender came in with a plate of bologna, bread and mustard. Then Peter Dimwit ordered a round, and the bartender brought limburger cheese, liver sausage and radishes. A quarter hour later Groundhog George treated, and the bartender brought in smoked headcheese and sardines. Beanstalk Joe also ordered Huether's drops, to which the bartender supplied cottage cheese, chives and biscuits.

* * *

The crowd was becoming pretty lively by that time, when the bartender came in again and asked whether we wouldn't like a bowl of tripe in sour cider vinegar with onions. But at that point, however, I drew the line and said:

"No, what is too much, is too much. Sarah is having sauerkraut and salted suckers for supper, and I don't want to spoil my appetite" and set out for home around 10 o'clock in the evening.

No, I'm for everything that is right, and I can't stand it that there are chaps who haven't the slightest idea of temperance, and fill up their gut till it explodes, that is, as long as it doesn't cost them anything. Whenever I see such gluttony and intemperance I could in fact run amuck, if I only knew where to run.

Although I am a great advocate of temperance, Sarah nevertheless insisted that evening that I was as drunk as a lord, and scolded that the rafters rattled. Anyhow, when I got to town the next morning, the bartender asked me how I felt after yesterday's picnic, and then I said: "First rate, but Sarah is as hoarse as a crow!"

On the way home in the afternoon I did become a bit tired, and since I have always been of the opinion that you should avoid overwork, and that it is much healthier watching other people working and torturing themselves, I lay down under a beech tree at the end of our lane. I was just dozing off when I heard Danger, my dog, barking, and when I looked, it was the preacher, who was coming down the lane.

* * *

"Good day, Uncle Joe!" he said, "are you having a little rest?"

"Not exactly," I said with a serious face. "I don't call this a rest, I am just waiting till the sun has set, so that I can then stop working with a good conscience!"

The preacher had been up at the house and Sarah must have told him that I was in town the day before and that I had gotten a bit too much liquor. Anyway he asked me why it was that I sometimes drank more than was necessary to satisfy my thirst, and then I answered him that it was to drown my cares and troubles.

"What kind of troubles can a man like you have, Mister Klotzkopp?" he wanted to know.

To that I said: "Excuse me, please, but don't you think that is worries me when I think about how I am going to get the money for chewing tobacco, etcetera, etcetera?"

He then gave me a very serious lecture and said that my tippling would be my end, and every glass of whisky a nail in my coffin. I said nothing and thought only that if that were the case that 10 yoke of oxen would hardly be able to move my coffin.

"Joe," he said in conclusion, "when you feel that you have had enough, and that you are squiffed, why don't you order a sarsaparilla?"

"Excuse me, please, mister preacher, but when I am squiffed, I can't say sar-sa-pa-rilla anymore."

"Joe! Joe!" he then said, "it is written that you should not use strong drink, for it bites like an adder and stings like a snake!"

"Not if you put a little sugar in it," I answered.

* * *

At that he became quite angry, but he nevertheless said "good-bye" to me, and said that all his trouble was wasted on me, and then went off home.

When I got home Sarah immediately began to scold again and said:

"I don't know what will become of you old whisky soak, indeed if it weren't for me we would be in the poorhouse. When I married you, you had two pairs of socks and even they were darned. Only through me you have gotten ahead in the world."

"That is certainly the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," I answered, "and darned stockings I have seen never again since that time."

I wish you the same,
JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB—Mr. Schmalz must have been confounded proud when he, a short while ago on a Monday morning, even before the roosters were awake, announced to the whole world by proclamation that Berlin was no a full-fledged city. Yes, sir, Mister Glockemann, you can't deny it, I and he now belong to the foremost Germans in the country. He is the first mayor of Berlin, and I was the first captain of the Petersburg Rescue Fire Brigade No. 1, in the year 1860.

I have heard that he has waxed his moustache with my wild-goose goose grease so that it sparkled like a carbuncle in front of a stove hole. If he only . . . I won't say any more today and I wish you the same,

J. K. Esq.

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RITTINGER

The Letters of JOE KLOTZKOPP, ESQ.

KALBFLEISCH

Here is another of the Joe Klotzkopp letters written by John A. Rittinger, a native of Kitchener. Between 1890 and 1915 Mr. Rittinger established himself as one of Canada's great humorists with these famous letters in the Pennsylvania-German dialect. They appeared in the Ontario Glocke of Walkerton and later in the Berliner Journal of old Berlin, now Kitchener, when the two German-language weeklies merged. Prof. Herbert K. Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario has translated a selection of the letters. They are published by The Record in both the original Pennsylvania-German and English versions.

Berliner Journal.

Neischtadt, 19. Dezember 1912

Mister Glockemann:

Der Grundsaujerg un en Berliner Sigärmann sin doch die greeschte Liegner, die ich noch jemals in meim ganze Lewe gsehne hab. Do der Preis fun der Turkeys un Welschhinkel so hoch is, un 's sich besser bezahlt, sie zu verkaafe als wie sie selwert zu esse, bin ich zu der Konkluschun kumme, for die Chrischdag en poor Hase zu schiesze, so dasz die Särah Hasepeffer mit Sauerkraut un gedeerrter Ebbelschnitz dafu mache kennt.

Geschter Nomidag hab ich dann ah mei dobbelleefige Schrotflint fun der Wand gnumme un bin mit em Danger nunner in's Widmeyers Schwamm. Es hot net lang gedauert, bis der Hund uf die Schpur fun so ehme halwer Dutzend Hase kumme is, un dann hot der Gschpasz agfange. Die Hase sin juscht so wie der Blitz an mir vorbeigfegt un eb ich mei Flint mit No. 3 Schrot glade ghat hab, wore sie ah schun wie fun der Welt weggwischt.

Der Hund hot awer vor ehme hohe Ruschterbahm gschtanne, in die Heh geguckt un alsfat gegautzt. Ich guck dann ah nuff, un do seh ich, Mr. Glockemann, dasz die Hase der Bahm nuffgekrattelt sinn un ower uf der Escht hocke un die Zung gege mich rausschtrecke. Ich hab jetzt awer dabber mei Brill ufsetzt un die Hahner fun meiner Schrotschpritz gschpannt.

Wie ich dann awer widder der Bahm nufguck, hab ich grad noch gsehne, wie der letscht fun denne verflickste Viecher in en Loch im Bahm krattelt, ich dann rumdreht, un mir mit seiner Ohrleffel "Good Bye" zuwinkt.

* * *

Es wor ken Juhs, ich hab der ganz Nomidag kenn Lock meh ghat un bin dann so allergemach heem. Wie ich heit Morger in die Neischtadt kumm, treff ich beim Loui der Grundsaujerg un der Dampfnudelkaschper, dene ich mei Expirienz fun geschter verzehlt hab.

"Sell wor schur bäd Lock, Joe," hot der Grundsaujerg gmehnt, un nochdem er emol die Drinks hot ufsetze losse, hot er gsagt: "Ich musz eich doch ah verzehler, was mir emol uf der Jagd gehäppend is, wie ich erscht do ruf in der Busch kumme bin. Es wor an ehme warme Dag im September un wie ich nix hab finne kenne, hab ich mich unnig en Bahm glegt un bin eigschlofe. Wie ich so noch about erre Schtund widder ufwach, hab ich ennigerweg so en 100 Fasanerhinkel uf ehme Ascht iwig mir hocke sehne. Ich awer glei mit der Bicks in die Heeh, hab gezielt un gschosse. Die Kugel hot den Ascht gschplitt, mit der Risolt, dasz die ganze Fasanerhinkel mit ihre Fisz in dem Kräck fescht wore sin. Ich hab dann der Ascht abgsegt un die ganze Fasanerhinkel lewig heem gnumme!"

Wie der Grundsaujerg so recht am verbehler wor, is en Berliner Sigärmann in die Bärschtub kumme, un afkors, 's erscht Ding was er geduh hot, wor, dasz er die ganz Kraut inweit hot, en poor mit ihm hinnig 's Halsduch zu schitte, was mir sertenle ah net rifuhst hen, for ich wees wie 's is, wann ma ebber eilad, ehns mit ehm zu drinke un sie duhn 's dann net.

* * *

Well, nochdem der Berliner so Schticke drei oder vier hot uffahre losse, hot er gmehnt:

"Grundsaujerg, sell wor sertenle en arig koriose Expirienz, wo do sellermols ghat hoscht. Ich will eich awer doch verzehler, was mir uff der Peninsula gehäppend is, wie ich dort emol mit meim Kosin Tscheck uf der Jagd wor. Ich hab mich an ehme scheene warme Nomidag ganz alleenig ins Boot ghockt un bin der Rewer nunnergfahre. Es wor arig heesz, un so hab ich 's Boot agebunne un mich unnig em Bahm glegt un bin ah eigschlofe. Un was denkt ihr, was ich gsehne hab, wie ich ufgwacht bin?"

"Fasanerhinkel!" hen mir alle gekrische.

"Nosehrie!" hot der Berliner gsagt, "en Herrsch wor's! Ich awer dabber mit der Bicks in die Heeh un hab gfeiert. Die Flint is in Schticke geboszt, die Kugel hot der Herrsch gedroffe, der Laaf is der Rewwer nunner gfloge un hot 200 Wildgenz gekillt, der Kolwer is der Rewer nuf gsegelt un hot so about 150 Ente 's Licht ausgeblose, der Ladschtock is in Wasser gfahre, un wie er widder ruf kumme is, wore ennigerwegs so about siwer Peiks drah gschtocke."

Mir hen afkohrs all glacht un uns mit der Aage zugeblunke, hen awer nix gsagt, weil der Kerl dann vielleicht behs wore wär, un nimmer gtriet het, geglabt awer hen mir dem Berliner Ufschneider doch net, un am Grundsaujerg erscht recht net.

* * *

Wie ich dann Owets heem kumme bin, hot die Mildred, was meiner Lisbeth ihre Aeltschte is, zu mir gsagt:

"Grändpah, du hoscht awer widder so en rothe Nas!"

"Halt's Maul!" hab ich gänsert, "ich hab juscht en wenig Kalt nei gekätscht!"

Dodruf hin mehnt die klee Krott: "Ja Grändpah, henn sie dann kenn Feier in der Neischtädter Werthsheiser?"

Es winscht dir dessehm un en merry Crischtmäs,

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—Beiderwäh, ich hab in der "Glock" gsehne, dasz der Schmalz en Laafschtecke mit goldigem Knobb un sei Name neigekratzt fun der City Council for en Bresent kriegt hot. Sel wor arig schee fun der Members, for der Schmalz wor en guter, ehrlicher un rechtschaffener deitscher Mayor, wann er mir ah sell Wilgansgensfett iwer sechs Munat lang schuldig wor. Ich hoff juscht, dasz seller Schtecker ihn immer schtrack geh macht, so dasz er niemols annerbozelt oder schtolpert.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Do ich dir erscht im neie Johr widder en Korreschpondez schick,

So winsch ich dir so lang gesund,
Bis dasz en Erbs wiegt hunnert Pund,
Bis dasz en Mihlschtee in der Luft fliegt,
Un en Bien' en Fasz voll Cider ziegt,
Un bis en Krebs dir Schofwoll schpinnt,
Un ma mit Schnee en Feier azind.
Domit en gutes, seliges Neijohr,
Schlag ei! Un dasz dich Gott bewohr.

J. K. Esq.

NB No. 3—Wie ich grad alleweil die Korreschpandenz in die Poschtaffis hab nemme welle, bin ich am Bohnerkreitelsepp begegent, un do hot mich des Breimaul so schpettig gfrogt, "Joe, was inschpeckscht du des Johr for Crischtmäs?"

"Der Särah ihre Rileschuns," hab ich gsagt un bin fat.

Es winscht dir dessehm, J. K. Esq.

Neustadt, December 19, 1912

Mister Glockemann:

Groundhog George and a Berlin cigar traveller are surely the two greatest liars that I have ever seen in my whole life. Since the price of turkeys is so high, so that it pays better to sell them than to eat them, I came to the conclusion to shoot a few rabbits for Christmas so that Sarah can make jugged hare out of them with sauerkraut and dried apples.

Yesterday afternoon I accordingly took down my double-barrelled shotgun from the wall, and went down with Danger to Widmeyer's swamp. It wasn't long before the dog got on the track of a half dozen rabbits, and then the fun began. The rabbits whizzed by me like lightning, and before I had loaded my gun with No. 3 shot, they had disappeared without trace.

The dog, however, was standing in front of an elm tree, looking up and barking. I also looked up and there I saw, Mister Glockemann, that the rabbits had climbed the tree, and were sitting up on the branches and sticking out their tongues at me. I quickly put on my spectacles, and cocked my shot sprayer.

* * *

But when I then looked up the tree again I saw only how the last one of those confounded beasts was climbing into a hole in the tree, then turned around, and waved "good-bye" to me with his ear flaps.

It was no use. I had no luck the rest of the afternoon and finally went home. When I got to Neustadt this morning, I met Groundhog George and Vermicelli Kasper, to whom I told my experience of yesterday.

"That was certainly bad luck, Joe," Groundhog George said, and after he had set up the drinks once, he said, "I must also tell you, what once happened to me while hunting, when I first came up here into the bush. It was a warm day in September, and when I could find nothing, I lay down under a tree and went to sleep. When I awoke about an hour later I saw at least 100 hen pheasants sitting above me on a branch. I quickly raised my musket, aimed and fired. The bullet split the branch with the result that all the hen pheasants got their feet caught in the crack. I then sawed the branch off, and took all the hen pheasants home alive!"

In the middle of Groundhog George's story, a Berlin cigar traveller came into the bar-room and, of course, the first thing that he did was to invite the whole crowd to pour a couple of drinks down behind our mufflers. We certainly did not refuse his invitation, for I know what it feels like when you invite someone for a drink and are refused.

* * *

Well, after the Berlin chap had ordered up three or four more drinks, he said:

"Groundhog George, that was certainly an amazing experience which you had that time. But I want to relate to you what happened to me on the peninsula, when I was once on a hunt there with my cousin Jake. I got on a beautifully warm afternoon alone into my boat and rowed down the river. It was quite warm, and so I tied up the boat and lay down under a tree, and actually went to sleep. And what do you think that I saw when I awoke?"

"Hen pheasants!" we all shouted.

"No siree!" the Berliner said, "it was a deer! I however quickly raised my musket and fired into the air. The musket flew into pieces. The bullet hit the deer, the barrel flew down into the river and killed 200 wild geese, the butt-end sailed up the river and killed about 150 ducks, the ramrod shot into the water, and when it came up again, there were at least about seven pike sticking on it."

We, of course, all laughed and winked at each other, but didn't say anything because the fellow would then perhaps stop treating. But we didn't believe the Berlin exaggerater and Groundhog George even less.

* * *

When I then came home that evening Mildred, the oldest daughter of my Lizzie, said to me:

"Grandpa, you have such a red nose again!"

"Shut up!" I answered, "I have only caught a little cold in it!"

To that the little wretch said: "Yes, grandpa, don't they have any heat in the Neustadt hotels?"

I wish you the same and a merry Christmas

JOE KLOTZKOPP, Esq.

NB No. 1—By the way, I noticed in the Glocke that Mr. Schmalz got a gold-headed walking cane with his name scratched into it as a present from the city council. That was really quite nice of the members, for Mr. Schmalz was a good, honest and upright German mayor, even if he owed me for that wild-goose goose grease for more than six months. I only hope that that cane will always keep him on the straight path, so that he never flops down or stumbles.

I wish you the same, J.K., Esq.

NB No. 2—Since my next correspondence will be sent in the new year:

I wish you so long a healthy state,
Till a pea weighs at least a hundred weight,
And a millstone flying high we see,
And a barrel of cider pulled by a bee,
And a crayfish the wool of a sheep does spin,
And a fire with snow you can begin.
With it all a happy, blessed New Year,
Your hand on it! May God grant you cheer.

NB No. 3—Just as I was taking this correspondence to the post office I met Beanstalk Joe. The mealy-mouthed fellow asked me sarcastically: "Joe, what do you expect for Christmas this year?"

"Sarah's relatives," I said and walked on.

I wish you the same, J. K., Esq.

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